

NOTICE.—The Mode of Issuing the Story entitled "THIRLBY HALL" has been changed.
For Explanation see Article on page 58.

JULY 21, 1883

THE GRAPHIC.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 712.—VOL. XXVIII.

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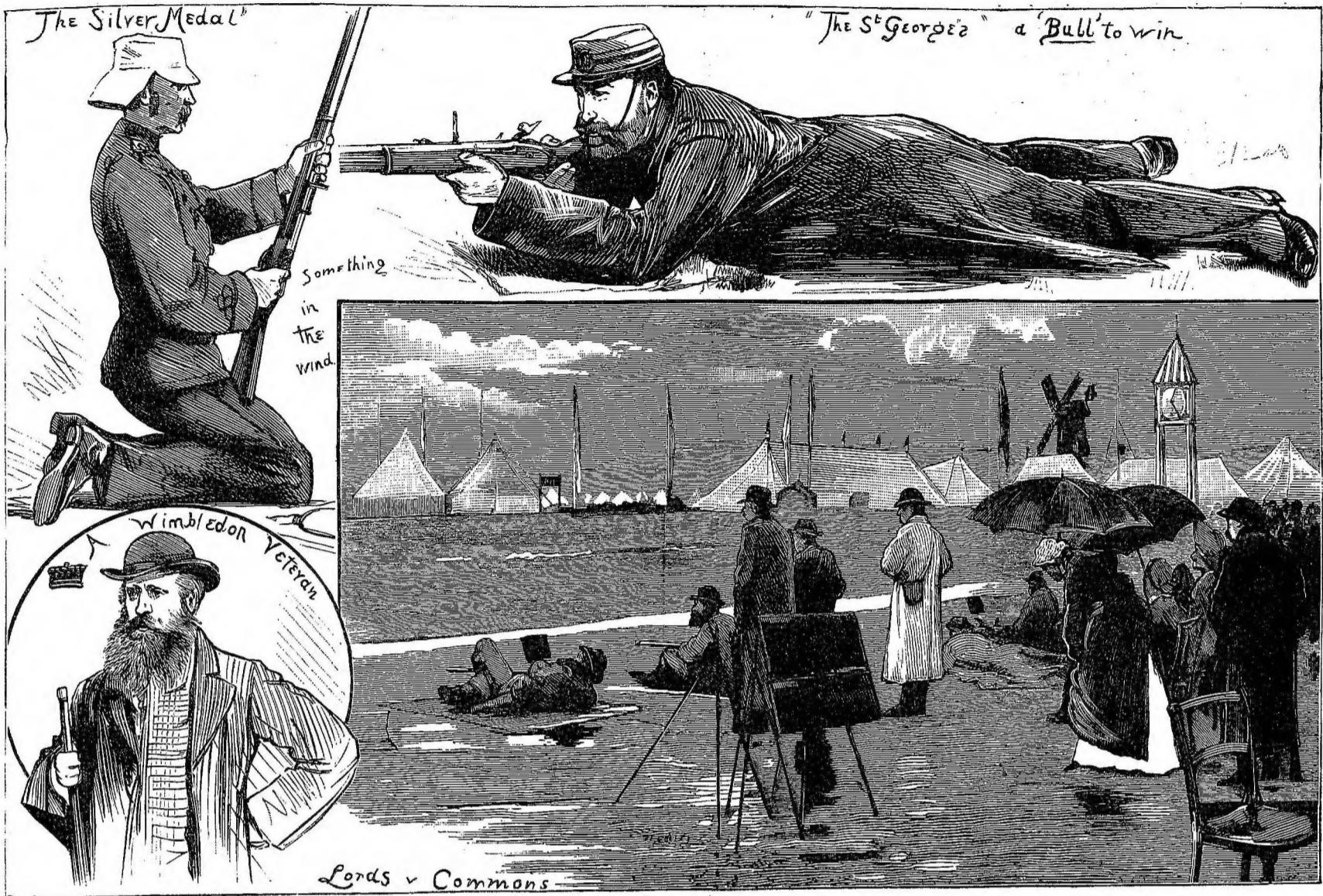
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 712.—VOL. XXVIII.
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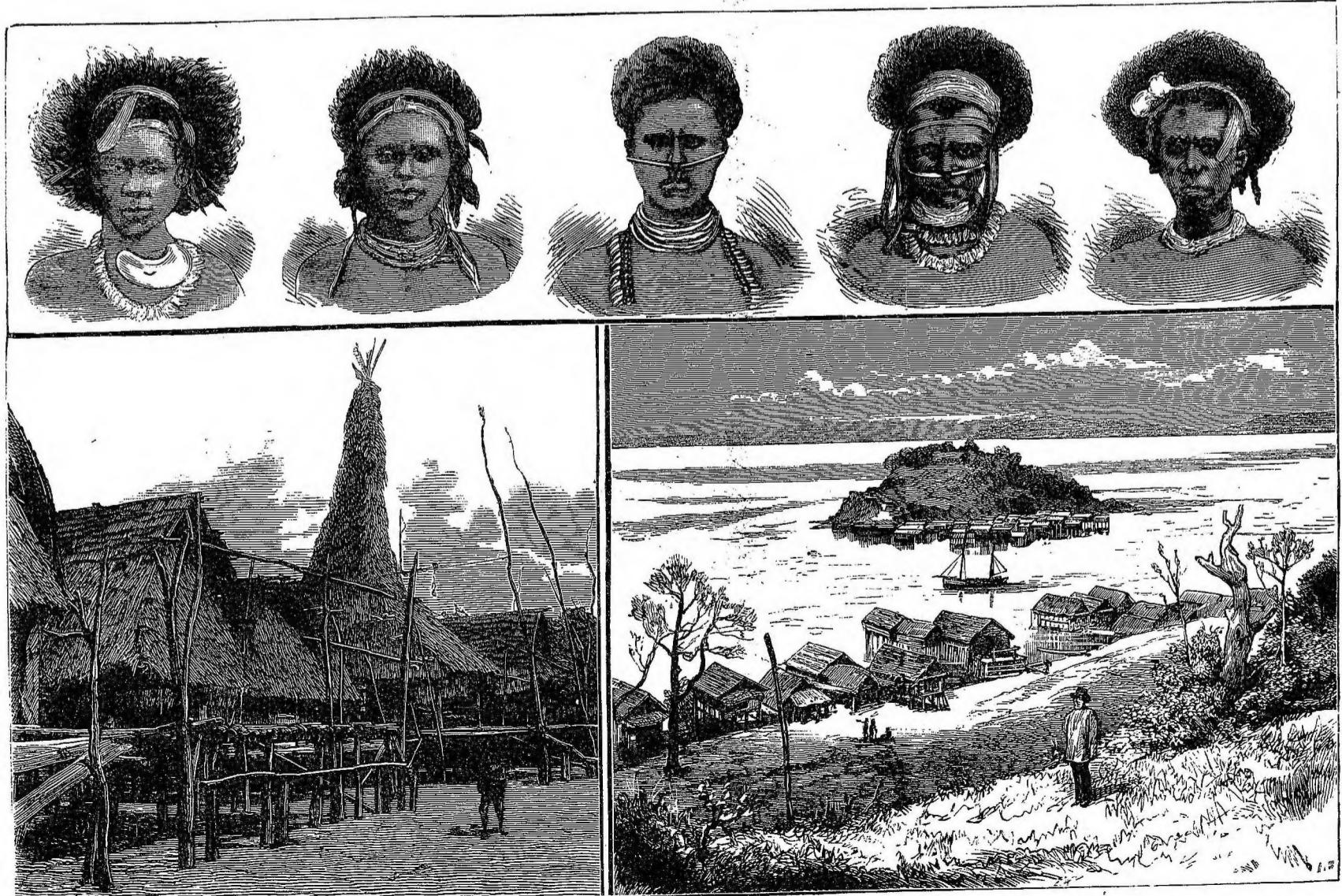
SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883

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NATIVE HOUSES, HOOD BAY, PORT MORESBY

SOME NATIVE TYPES

ISLAND AND VILLAGE OF ELEVARA FROM THE MISSION COMPOUND

THE PROPOSED ANNEXATION OF NEW GUINEA

“The Graphic”
AND
The Post Office.

OUR readers will notice with regret, that for the present, owing to the action of the Post Office authorities, we are obliged to discontinue issuing the new story entitled “Thirby Hall,” in the manner in which it was commenced; and as this interference appears to us perfectly unjustifiable, and likely to prevent many improvements in illustrated journalism, and as it is damaging to the interests of Art, we propose to lay the facts before the public.

At a large weekly increase of expense to ourselves, it was our desire to have that portion of the paper which can be got ready early in the week, more carefully printed, the drawings of a higher quality, and the engravings more elaborately finished, and we believe there is nothing in the Act of Parliament to prevent this being done in the way we intended.

The story was commenced as a Supplement to *The Graphic* on June 2, but upon its appearance the Post Office authorities notified us that it could not in that form be permitted to pass. It was then, at a great additional expense, and solely with an endeavour to meet the views of the Post Office, printed on the same sheet as the ordinary news, so as to constitute it actually part and parcel of the paper.

It was, however, still objected to, and as we determined to see if our interpretation of the Act of Parliament was correct, we asked the opinion of counsel, one of the most eminent, perhaps, in the country.

Sir Hardinge Giffard, Q.C., M.P., was requested to state whether *The Graphic*, in its then existing form, fulfilled the requirements of the Act, and, after full consideration, he gave it as his opinion that it did so conform.

This opinion was submitted to the Post Office, but they declined to alter their decision, and we then determined to follow the plan adopted by an illustrated ladies' newspaper for the distribution of patterns, and permitted by the Postal authorities for some years. We therefore put a notice on the paper that the purchaser, should he wish to send *The Graphic* by post, must put the story in a separate wrapper, with a $\frac{1}{2}d$. stamp.

We advised the Post Office of this arrangement, pending the decision of the Treasury, to which department we have the right to appeal by Act of Parliament.

The reply to our communication was a peremptory notice that *The Graphic* had been removed from the list of Registered Newspapers. Now as this would necessitate excessive postage, and cause great inconvenience to the public (because single copies of the paper are posted and reposted in some cases half a dozen times), we had no alternative but to return to the old form of publication, and await the result of the appeal.

The point at issue between ourselves and the Postal Authorities is briefly this:—Whether our Issues of the 7th and 14th July conform to the requirements of the Post Office Act of 1870, Clause No. 6, which says:—

“6. Any publication coming within the following description shall for the purposes of this Act be deemed a newspaper, (that is to say,) any publication consisting wholly or in great part of political or other news, or of articles relating thereto, or to other current topics, with or without advertisements; subject to these conditions—

“That it be printed and published in the United Kingdom;
“That it be published in numbers at intervals of not more than seven days;
“That it be printed on a sheet or sheets unstitched;
“That it have the full title and date of publication printed at the top of the first page, and the whole or part of the title and the date of publication printed at the top of every subsequent page.”

We are fully convinced that upon a consideration of this simple question our readers and the public in general will at once decide that the requirements of the Act have been complied with, and that the authorities of the Post Office have placed an unreasonable interpretation upon the Act which they have to administer.

Topics of the Week

THE SUEZ CANAL NEGOTIATIONS.—The bargain made by the Government with M. de Lesseps has provoked such indignation out of doors, and has caused so many rash and intemperate utterances, that it is just as well that the discussion in the House of Commons should be postponed for a few days, until our legislators have had time to reflect quietly over the matter. Meanwhile, there has been a useful little debate in the calmer atmosphere of the House of Lords. This shows, among other things, that Lord Salisbury does not imagine the Government to be so desperately and hopelessly in the wrong as did the enthusiastic gentlemen who assembled the other day at Lloyd's. Lord Salisbury is aware that, but for the wrongheadedness of electors in 1880, he might have had to conduct the negotiations which Lord Granville has been conducting; and, as a responsible politician, he understands the difficulties and complications by which the question is surrounded. To the more vehement opponents of the Government scheme, of course, the matter seems simple enough. This is their contention:—“We are the virtual masters of Egypt; we are more interested in the Canal than any other nation, because it is our chief thoroughfare to mightier colonies and dependencies than any of them possess; it is the revenue derived from British shipping which makes the Canal profitable. Why, then, should we bother ourselves about M. de Lesseps? The present Khédive is a mere puppet in our hands, and M. de Lesseps is only the creature of a banished ex-Khédive. What we want is an adequate water-way, with reasonable tonnage and pilotage dues, and the whole concern, as it ought to be, under British control.” These are brave words, but have we the courage to carry them into action at the present time? We

might have done something of the kind last year after Tel-el-Kebir. We might then have told Europe plainly that we were in Egypt, and meant to stop there. The declaration might have been accepted. There is such a thing as judicious boldness. But we did not take this position. We were nervously anxious in our assurances to the other Powers that we were only in Egypt temporarily to set matters right, and that, as soon as the Khédive was fairly on his legs again, we should leave him to manage his own business. Such being the state of affairs, M. de Lesseps becomes, or rather remains, as regards the Canal, a very important personage. We cannot unceremoniously thrust him aside. But it is quite possible that our Government has been persuaded to take an exaggerated view of the privileges accorded to M. de Lesseps by the late Khédive; and it is also quite possible that, even if they are correct in their estimate, they might have made a more profitable bargain with the existing company. No doubt, however, they deemed it politic to act generously in this matter, in view of the susceptibilities of France. That the French feel very strongly on this subject is shown by the anger with which the English protests against the Canal scheme have been received; and, as we said weeks ago, France deserves in this matter to be treated with a certain degree of consideration and forbearance. The Canal was made by French money and French enterprise; for a long time it was an unprofitable undertaking, and it would be a shabby action (to say nothing of prudential motives), now that every one recognises the value of the Canal, to oust the French from its management. If the Government scheme can be modified, especially as regards a more speedy reduction of rates, so much the better; but we venture to think that we are acting the part of true patriots in desiring that substantially it may be ratified without undue delay.

M. WADDINGTON.—The appointment of M. Waddington to the French Embassy in London must be regarded as an indication of friendly feeling on the part of France. In some respects, however, it will be less easy for him than it would have been for a born Frenchman to promote good relations between the two countries. Many of his countrymen are, of course, ready to believe that he will be too compliant towards England; and the consciousness of this fact may tend to make him a very exacting representative of the Republic. Fortunately Lord Granville is a man of exceptional tact and resource; and there can be no doubt that he will do everything in his power to smooth the way for the new Ambassador. M. Waddington will receive a hearty welcome in this country, not only because of his English origin, but because of his eminence as a statesman. At the Berlin Congress he had an exceedingly difficult part to play; and it was generally admitted that he played it with dignity and moderation. He commanded the respect of Prince Bismarck and Lord Beaconsfield without offending the Russian plenipotentiaries; and Greece owes him much gratitude for the ardour with which he advocated her claims. The fact that he was anxious to come to London seems to imply that he looks forward with confidence to the result of his labours here; and it will certainly be surprising if he does not ultimately succeed in removing the misunderstandings which have sprung up during the last few months. French journalists have been writing rather bitterly about England; but there is no evidence that France wishes to quarrel with us seriously. She is without friends on the Continent, and has too much self-control and good sense to do anything that would permanently alienate English sympathies. On this side of the Channel there is only one opinion as to the

importance of maintaining the cordial understanding which has existed between France and England for more than a generation. Englishmen have sincere respect for the French character; and they recognise clearly that there is no nation (the United States excepted) whose hostility to them would be more disastrous both to Great Britain and to the world.

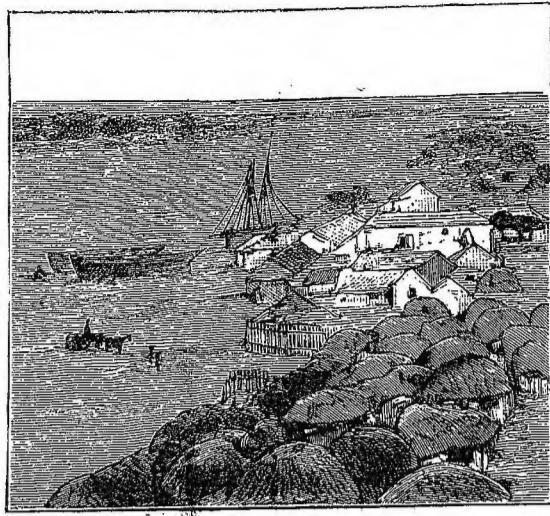
DEATH IN THE DUSTBIN.—As cholera is prevalent in Egypt, the opportunity to import fifty tons of rags from Alexandria is too good to be resisted. British commercial enterprise can find no cheaper market to buy rags in than the Egyptian, while the home market is the dearest in which it is possible to sell. The speculators who thus nobly purchased and introduced the most excellent vehicle for conveying cholera have fulfilled the whole duty of commercial man. They have done more—they have vindicated our character for courage. The more Chauvinist French prints are calling us cowards, and so forth; but would the French have imported fifty tons of probable cholera? Would the Germans? Would the Italians? Would the Spaniards? Certainly not, the Briton proudly replies; only Englishmen have this glorious audacity. Another proof of our pluck has been adduced in a letter to the *Globe* by the author of “Flemish Interiors.” England alone, it seems, still cherishes the pestilent dust-hole. With all our boasted sanitary science we keep all the offensive and unwholesome refuse of our houses till the Vestry chooses to remove it. The operation ought to be executed once a week; but that is a matter of detail. To the dust-hole go, not dust only—“tea-leaves, coffee grounds, dead kittens, remnants of fish and poultry, ancient eggs,” and everything else, including cheques which one has mislaid, find in the dust-hole their long home. They order these things better even in Madrid, where refuse is removed every day. In short, the dust-hole, as the author of “Flemish Interiors” says, is a “gross abomination,” and a fruitful source of blue-bottles. But then it is so English!

TAMATAVE.—When the relations between two usually friendly nations are somewhat strained, as is unquestionably the case just now as regards England and France, journalists should at least abstain from fanning the flame by the use of heated and exaggerated language. If these gentlemen could realise the horrors of a single day of active warfare they would perhaps be more chary of provoking it. The Parisian papers are, in this respect, more culpable than our own; still there is a tendency on this side of the Channel to make too free a use of such wrath-breeding words as “insult” and “outrage,” often because they have a telling effect on a placard. Of course, among responsible statesmen, utterances are much more guarded. It is a pleasure to turn from the frothy declamation of some of the Parisian leader-writers to the frank and courteous statement made by M. Challemel-Lacour in the Chamber of Deputies. As this Minister is sometimes accused of undue impetuosity, all the more satisfaction may be derived from the tone of his words on this occasion. His Government had received no news of the alleged occurrences during the bombardment of Tamatave which had caused such excitement in England, but if such a breach of international obligations had been committed, full and prompt reparation would be made. It certainly seems improbable that, unless he desired to provoke a quarrel with this country, Admiral Pierre could have behaved as he is said to have behaved; and it is more likely that a version, garbled by Malagasy prejudice, of what actually took place, has reached this country. Till then, at all events, let us suspend our judgment, bearing in mind that bombardments, like revolutions, are not made with rose-water; that at such times innocent neutrals are sure to suffer inconvenience—many inhabitants of Alexandria can testify to the truth of this; and lastly, that so-called neutrals are not always neutrals, that there is such a thing as “benevolent neutrality,” that is, giving aid and comfort to the people among whom one is domiciled, a line of conduct which naturally provokes the wrath of their assailants.

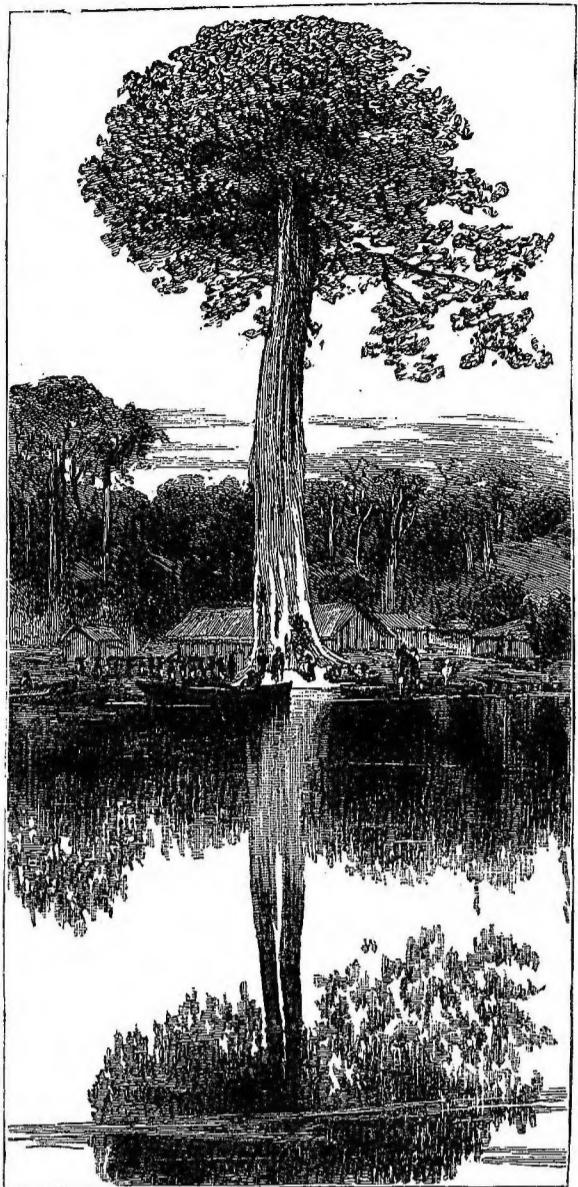
TORIES AND THE GOVERNMENT.—The Conservatives appear to be confident that they will very soon be restored to power; and it must be admitted that the position of the Government is not very good. The present Session will not be a barren one, but its results are likely to be poor compared with those which were anticipated six months ago. The mood of Ireland, notwithstanding all that has been done for her, is more hostile than ever; and in South Africa there is still an accumulation of difficulties which will give us a vast amount of trouble. In Egypt the Government has succeeded fairly well; but the popularity of its triumphs there has been seriously diminished by the provisional agreement with the Suez Canal Company. All this does not prove, however, that if an appeal were made to the country the Conservatives would secure a majority. Whatever may be said of foreign affairs, the Liberals have at least a definite policy at home; and their cause is advocated by many statesmen and politicians of acknowledged ability. This can hardly be said of their opponents, who, since 1880, have limited themselves almost wholly to the task of resisting Liberal measures. Lord Salisbury, indeed, in one of his clever speeches, asserted that if he and his friends were in office they would endeavour to provide improved dwellings for the working classes; but he gave no indication of the means by which he proposed to accomplish this excellent object. About other matters of domestic interest the Conservatives



THE POINT AND BAR ON THE DANDE RIVER



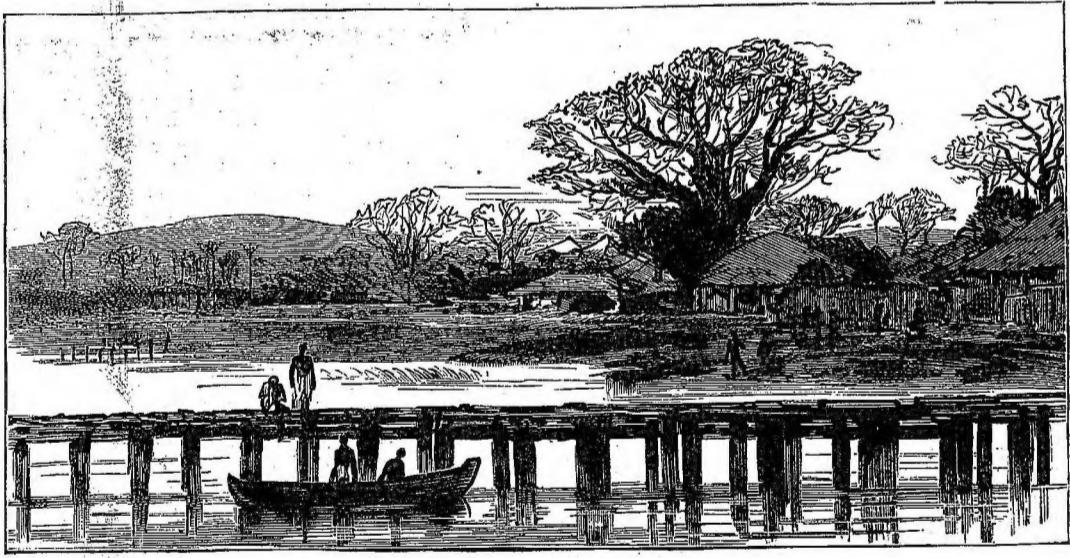
A VIEW ON THE QUANGA RIVER



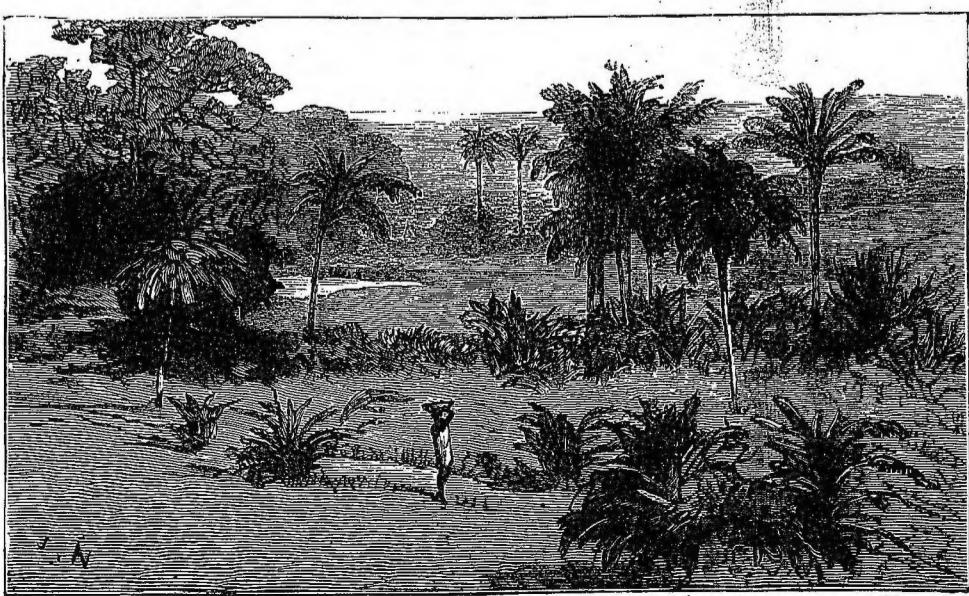
A FACTORY ON THE RIVER CHILOANGO, NEAR LANDANA



NATIVES FROM THE INTERIOR BRINGING PRODUCE TO LOANDA



EMBOMMA, ON THE RIVER CONGO



SCENE IN THE VALLEY OF THE RIVER DANDE



THREE SLAVES IN IRONS FOR MISCONDUCT, KABENDA

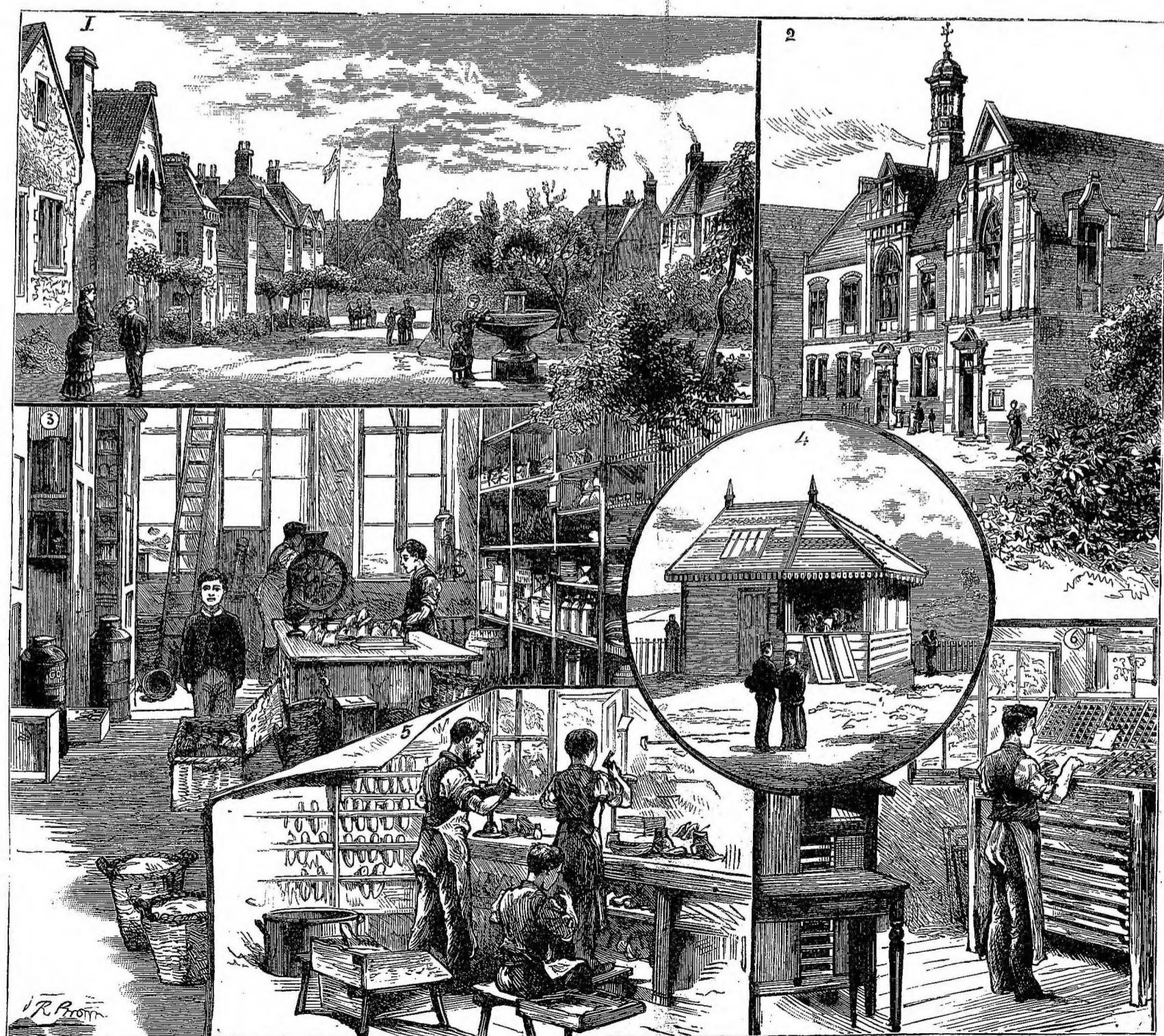


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THE WIMBLEDON MEETING

WHILE the closing part of the first stage of the Queen's Prize was being shot on Saturday last, at the 600 yards' firing point, a severe thunderstorm broke over the Common. The rain came down in torrents, converting the Common into a quagmire, and in the afternoon another great storm of rain occurred. The bleak chilly weather which succeeded this downpour drove away many who otherwise would gladly have prolonged their stay. The 1,800 men who slept under canvas on the preceding Tuesday had been reduced to 1,100 on Saturday night.

The popular item on the programme on Saturday was the match between teams representative of the House of Lords and the House of Commons for the Challenge Cup presented to the Council of the National Rifle Association by the late Maharajah of Vizianagram. Lords and Commons teams have competed at Wimbledon for the last twenty years, and up to Saturday each House had taken the prize an equal number of times. On Saturday the trophy was carried off by the Commons' team, after a capital contest between Earls Spencer, Brownlow, Waldegrave, and Lord Cloncurry on the one side; and Lieut.-Colonels Vivian and Walron, the Hon. R. P. Bruce, and Captain Monckton on the other. The distance is 500 yards; the weapon any rifle. Any position is permitted, and each marksman on Saturday had 20 shots. The Commons made 361, the Lords 351. Earl Waldegrave's small score (66) is accounted for by the fact that he shot with a military breech-loader, while the other marksmen had match rifles. Earl Spencer (the "Wimbledon Veteran" of our sketch) made the remarkable score of 97 out of a possible 100.

Altogether, in spite of sudden and unpleasant changes of wind and weather, good shooting has been the order of the day. The Silver Medal in the first stage of the Queen's was won by Captain Young, 2nd Kenfrew, with a total of 183 points, and the Gold Medal too has been again taken across the Border, Sergeant Mackay, First Sutherland, having gained it with a score of 79. Scotland once more defeated England for the International Challenge Trophy with 1,805 points to 1,769, Ireland and the Principality coming in the order named. The Public Schools' Veterans' Match was won by Cheltenham. The Kolapore Cup was won by the Volunteers, the Navy being second.

NATIVE TYPES IN NEW GUINEA

IF AUSTRALIA be reckoned as a Continent, New Guinea is undoubtedly the largest island in the world, containing as it does 300,000 square miles. Lately, it has come to the front in popular discussion on account of the bold step taken by the Queensland Government, who sent an official to take possession of the country in the Queen's name. All Australia enthusiastically supports Queensland in this act, but the Home Government are at present disinclined to accept the authority thus thrust upon them. There can be no doubt, with France in her present humour, "empirizing" about, as the Yankee styled it, all over the tropics, and other nations thirsting for maritime stations, that, if we do not speedily annex New Guinea, some one else will.

The natives belong to the Papuan race, a race which is remarkable for the curly wooliness of the hair and beard, and also for the blackness of the skin. But in features the Papuans are quite unlike the negroes, having large high noses. The New Guinea Papuans generally go naked, a breech-cloth or girdle excepted, but they pay great attention to their hair, which is often plaited in small tresses, or decorated with bones and feathers. Ornaments are profusely worn on the nose, neck, ears, and arms.

SKETCHES AT LOANDA, SOUTH-WEST AFRICA

THE Portuguese hold and occupy a considerable tract of country on the south-west coast of Africa, extending from Cape Frio in the south, as far as Ambriz in the north. Indeed, the Portuguese claim that their territory extends northwards as far as the Cacongo River in latitude 5° 12' S., although they have never occupied this region.

The great river Zaire, or Congo, which Stanley has proved to be identical with Livingstone's Lualaba, flows into the sea through this doubtful territory. In point of volume of water, it is far and away the first river of the African Continent, and it is interesting also as forming a boundary line between the hot, damp forest region and the drier, cooler, and more open country which lies beyond its southern banks. A great difference, too, is found between the animals inhabiting the two sides of the river.

At Bomma, or Embomma, which is sixty miles up the river, the country is bare of trees, and is covered with high grass. This, which is now a factory station, was in former times a great slave mart, to which thousands were brought from all parts of the interior.

Slavery is now supposed to be legally prohibited in these colonies, but it still lingers on, the Government being inactive and corrupt, and the authorities not troubling themselves to enforce the enacted liberation.

St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of the colony, is situated in a beautiful bay, backed by a line of low sandy cliff, terminating in a bold point, on which is perched the fort of San Miguel. About a third of the population of 10,000 or 12,000 are Europeans. The houses are large and commodious, with open verandahs, and the chief street is very wide, with rows of banyan trees in the centre, in the shade of which a daily market is held.

As is usually the case in the southern hemisphere, the climate of this region is not so hot as might be expected from the latitude, only 9 deg. south of the equator. There is always a sea breeze, and the thermometer in the hot season rarely rises above 80° to 86° in the shade. The nights are invariably cool.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. H. Johnston.

THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPoS

THE list of those who passed the first two parts of the Examination for the Mathematical Tripos was published on the 16th ult. There is, under the new system established last year, a further examination in January, 1884, to which only the Wranglers are eligible. We publish the portraits of the first three Wranglers.

MR. GEORGE BALLARD MATHEWS, the Senior Wrangler, of Colaba Lodge, Leominster, is the eldest son of the late George Mathews, Esq., of Richard's Castle, Ludlow. He was educated

at Ludlow Grammar School (Head Master, Rev. W. C. Sparrow, M.A., LL.D.). He afterwards went to University Hall, London, and during the Session 1878-9 attended Mathematical and Classical Lectures at University College. In March, 1880, he was elected to a Minor Scholarship at St. John's College, Cambridge, and in the following year to a Foundation Scholarship. His private tutor was Mr. Besant.

MR. EDWARD GURNER GALLOR, the Second Wrangler, is the son of Mr. J. Gallop, of Derby, and was born March 18th, 1862. He was educated at Derby School, where he obtained one of the Rowland Scholarships, and of which he became Captain in 1878. The year after he was awarded the Bronze Medal from the South Kensington School of Science. In 1880 he gained an open Scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1881 a Foundation Scholarship at the same College. Mr. Gallop has always been in the first class in all College examinations, and in 1882 assisted Mr. Routh in the revision of his great work, "Rigid Dynamics," a hearty acknowledgment of the assistance rendered being made by Mr. Routh in the Preface.

MR. ROBERT LACHLAN, the Third Wrangler, was born in 1861. He is the fourth son of the late Mr. George Lachlan, of Tonbridge, Kent, of the firm of Lachlan and Carrington, ship brokers, London. He was educated at Tonbridge School from 1869 to 1880, under the Rev. J. I. Welldon, Head Master, since retired and succeeded by the Rev. T. B. Rowe, the Mathematical Master being Mr. H. Hilary, late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, three of whose pupils have graduated as Fourth, Third, and Tenth Wranglers respectively during the last three years. Mr. Lachlan gained an open Minor Scholarship at Trinity in 1879, and an open Foundation Scholarship in 1880. He went into residence in October of the same year, and has been placed in the First Class in the various College Examinations. His college tutor was Mr. J. M. Image, his private tutor was Mr. E. J. Routh.—Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Mr. Mathews, by Hills and Saunders, Cambridge and Oxford; Mr. Gallop, by W. W. Winter, Midland Road, Derby; and Mr. Lachlan, by T. Fall, 9 and 10, Baker Street, W.

HOMES FOR LITTLE BOYS AT FARNINGHAM AND SWANLEY

THIS institution, which was originally established in 1864 at Tottenham, Middlesex, was designed to feed, clothe, educate, and train to industrial work homeless and destitute little boys, and those in danger of falling into crime, whether orphans or not, who are disqualified, by poverty or other circumstances, for admission to existing asylums and institutions. Subsequently, as the Society developed its operations, the scene of its labours was removed to Farningham, Kent, where 300 boys are educated in ten cottage homes, only thirty boys living in each house under the charge of a man and his wife, who are responsible for their domestic training.

Besides this, there are eighty orphan boys at Northumberland House, Margate, and on Friday last (July 20) the New Homes for Orphans at Swanley were to be opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. A Home for Orphan Boys, to which admission could be at once secured by a certain annual payment, has been carried on for several years at Edgware. But the demand has out-grown the accommodation. Fifteen acres of land were therefore secured at Swanley, and here buildings have been erected to accommodate 200 boys, who are distributed in separate homes according to their age, under dames or masters.

The well-known homes at Farningham being strictly limited to the admission of the absolutely *homeless*, the Committee had long felt the necessity for providing a Home at once for fatherless boys who had friends able to pay for them. They therefore resolved to build, and thus the new Homes for Orphans at Swanley naturally grew out of the older established and kindred Homes for the Homeless at Farningham.

The architects to the Institution, Messrs. Spalding and Auld, of Queen Victoria Street, in due course prepared designs for the accommodation of 200 boys, reserving on the site space for future extensions if required. These plans consisted of a number of detached and semi-detached houses in order to facilitate the classification and separation of the boys, and these houses are grouped round a central block of school and workshop buildings.

Although the Committee have as yet only been able to build three blocks, it is their intention ultimately to complete the whole scheme as originally designed. The completed portion which was opened yesterday by the Prince and Princess of Wales comprises in the first block two Dames' or Mothers' Houses, each affording suitable provision for twenty-five boys who would be admitted at a very early age.

In the second block, or Head Master's House, besides the rooms appropriated to the use of the Head Master, there is accommodation for forty boys and two assistant masters. Here, the boys being older, the arrangements are varied to suit the requirements of a more advanced age.

In the third block, opposite the last, and on the first or principal floor, is the large school hall, a well-proportioned apartment in which the whole of the boys may be assembled. In communication with this are the class rooms, of which there are four, each being spacious and well lighted, and opening off it a large cupboard for books and school requisites. Two wide staircases at opposite ends lead to the ground floor, where are the general store room and office, also three large workshops, which are intended to be fitted up with such appliances and apparatus as may be found desirable, in order to give the boys a good technical as well as general education. The buildings are in the Queen Anne style, and being built with red bricks, relieved with slate roofs, present a homely and comfortable appearance.

THE SAVAGE CLUB ENTERTAINMENT AT THE ALBERT HALL

THIS entertainment, which took place on Wednesday, the 11th inst., was due to a suggestion of the Prince of Wales, who is a life-member of the club. The idea was that the "Savages" should get up an entertainment, to which the public would be pleased to come, and that the profits thus realised should be devoted to the foundation of a Club Scholarship in connection with the Royal College of Music. Within half an hour after the doors of the Albert Hall had been opened nearly 2,000 persons, paying five shillings each, had been admitted to the balcony. These were spectators pure and simple, who needed no vouchers, and who could dress as they pleased. They had a fine bird's-eye view of the spectacle below, which was gradually occupied by ladies and gentlemen in fancy dresses who intended to take part in the costume ball. At nine o'clock the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duke of Albany, with their attendants, arrived at the main entrance, where they were received by a chosen band of members of the club, attired as savages. Preceded by fifteen savages, the Prince and his party were escorted to their box, while a second batch of "wilde men," armed to the teeth, brought up the rear. A miscellaneous entertainment then began, consisting of songs, recitations, conjuring, comic lecturing, &c., the *finale* being a procession of savages round the arena to the strains of a barbaric march, composed and conducted by Mr. F. H. Cowen. Then began the ball, interrupted for a while by supper, and varied by a buffalo dance, and by the tombola lottery. The dresses were remarkably splendid, and there was scarcely a character usual at fancy balls which was not represented.

Many of the dresses and accoutrements worn by the Savages' Guard were genuine—being specially lent by Lords Dufferin and Dunraven. The other costumes were extremely various and most brilliant. Some of the most striking costumes illustrated by our artist are those of Mr. Kyrie Believe as Romeo, Mr. Augustus Harris as a Pierrot of the time of Watteau, all white satin; Mr. Edgar Bruce as a Prince of Bengal, Mr. W. Hughes in a Holbein costume, Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., as Sir Francis Drake, Mr. P. Morris, A.R.A., as a Spanish Matador, Mr. W. Woodall, M.P., in Court dress, Mr. Horace Lennard as Captain Smith in the play of *Pocahontas*, Mr. T. Gullick as the Savage Chief, Mr. B. G. Burleigh as a Gold Digger, Mr. C. M. Rae as a Mexican savage, Mr. T. Foster as a Savage, Mr. Weedon Grossmith as a "Masher" of fifty years ago, Mr. C. Townley as a Waxwork Figure, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier as a Japanese Prince, Mr. E. Leathes as Good as Gold, or a Gold Man, Mr. Lionel Brough as Policeman X 24 (this gentleman, by the way, dressed three times during the evening, appearing as a Savage, a Policeman, and finally as Tony Lumpkin), Mr. W. Goodman in a Costume, *temp.* James the First, Mr. C. Williams as an Afghan Chief, Mr. T. Genny as a Greek, and others. Among the ladies were *Patience*, from Sir A. Sullivan's Opera, *Fish Girls*, a Sweet Girl Graduate, a fair Bohemian with tambourine and headdress of sequins, Romps, with pinafores and skipping ropes, Helen, from the Greek, a Diamond Costume or two, a Lady Teazle, a Marchande de Fortune, several Pocahontas, and any number of Charity Girls, Mary Stuarts, Japanese Ladies, Greeks, Georgian Costumes, &c. In one of the crush rooms Mr. Van der Weyde, who is a member of the club, took photographs in costume by the electric light all through the evening, the profits to go to the Fund. Our artist wishes to thank Mr. Van der Weyde for his courtesy in sending rough proofs of photographs to assist him in drawing some of the costumes. The Tombola, or Wheel of Fortune, was in another room. Many of the prizes were valuable books, works of art, &c. It was much patronised, and rendered very amusing by the efforts of Policeman X 24.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S MEETING AT YORK

THE opening of this, one of the finest exhibitions which has distinguished the Society's career, seemed destined to be marred by bad weather. However, on Monday there was a respite from the rainstorms of St. Swithin, and the weather was fine, though a cold wind blew off the moors.

As we stated last week, the show ground of eighty acres, enclosed by a wall of planking, is part of Knavesmire, a flat pasture of 300 acres, including the racecourse, situated south of the city. The machinery, implements, and animals were drawn from the railway station to the show yard over a firm road of wooden sleepers. The usual gridiron arrangements of implement shedding was adopted, immediately inside the main entrance, the machinery in motion being placed on each side, together with the stalls of seedsmen and miscellaneous exhibitors. There is a wide central avenue between the two wings of implement stands, the central portion of the ground being occupied by the working dairy, the competing dairies, the bee tents, the stewards' and judges' offices, the huge members' tent, the council pavilion, &c. Further on are the classes of cattle, sheep, and pigs; next, the cattle-judging rings, the large horse ring, with its grand stand, and beyond this and on each side the substantially built stalls for the immense display of horses.

The parades of stock have elicited general admiration. The animals were generally of high class merit, notably the classes of Hunters and Shire Breeds amongst the horses. The Champion Agricultural stallion "Certainty," belonging to the Hon. Mr. Coke, one of the handsomest cart-horses ever seen, was disqualified as unsound at the Islington Show, 1882. Shorthorn Cattle, Sussex Black and Red Polls were splendid classes, but, like the sheep, all were too fat as breeding stock; they show best when plumped out. The prize cattle at Paris, or lately at Hamburg, were free from this English fashion of over-feeding. The Bee Section and the Dairy Trials were great successes, the display of cheese by contrast being a failure. A new corn screen obtained a silver medal. The attendances at the show were large, and will make the meeting financially successful. Never has any city been better "pavilioned" than ancient York. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales paid a special visit to the Canadian Section, which had a model display of the great resources of the Dominion, an example that might be advantageously followed by our agricultural empire of India.

On Monday afternoon the Prince of Wales visited York, and was enthusiastically received by a large concourse of people. He visited various places, including the Minster, and the Yorkshire Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition, where there was a *soirée* in the evening, the Prince being accompanied in his tour through the building (which was profusely decorated and illuminated) by the Archbishop of York.

GREAT BATTLE IN THE SOUDAN

ON the 29th April Hicks Pasha, commanding the Soudan expeditionary force, defeated a body of 5,000 insurgents with heavy loss, 500 of the enemy being killed, including the lieutenant-general of the Mahdi, or False Prophet. The Egyptian loss was small, and Hicks Pasha warmly commended the gallantry of his troops. Our engraving represents an incident which occurred during the action, sketched by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne, one of the officers of the expeditionary army. It is thus described by him:—

"After the gallant charge made by the chiefs up to the very cannon's mouth, the enemy, many of whom had fallen to rise up over and over again, saw that their leaders were slain, and cleared our front, plunging into the long grass on our right. We then saw a solitary man, spear in hand, walk straight up to us, as it seemed with the intention of surrendering. 'Put down your spear!' our soldiers cried. Scornfully and defiantly he brandished it, saying, 'I shall go to Paradise.' Thereupon he was shot dead. Another of the enemy coolly walked among the dead, examining their faces. He also fell. One gallant chief, when his horse was rolled over, rushed at our square, banner in hand. He was followed by his retainers."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY was born at Ealing, Middlesex, May 4th, 1825, was educated at Ealing School, and studied medicine at the Medical School of the Charing Cross Hospital. He was appointed Assistant-Surgeon of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* in 1846, remained with that vessel during her surveying cruise in the South Pacific and Torres Straits, returned to England in 1850, and in 1854 succeeded Mr. Edward Forbes as Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street. About the same time he was appointed Millerian Professor to the Royal Institution, and Examiner in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy to the University of London. His first publication was a valuable work on the "Oceanic Hydrozoa," the fruits of his investigations during the cruise of the *Rattlesnake* off the Australian coasts. In 1860 he delivered in Jermyn Street a course of lectures to working men on the question of the Origin of Species, to which subject attention had just then been attracted by Dr. Darwin's great work. The substance of these lectures, with additions, was afterwards published by Mr. Huxley in a book entitled "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," which aroused great popular interest, and was translated into several foreign languages. His other works, comprising numerous papers written for various learned societies, are too numerous for separate mention here. One merit they all possess. However abstruse the subject matter may be, they are

distinguished by a remarkable lucidity of expression. In 1870 Mr. Huxley was chosen as a member of the London School Board, from which he retired two years later. In 1872 he was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, and in 1878 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Dublin. Recently, on the death of Mr. Spottiswoode, Professor Huxley was chosen to fill his place as President of the Royal Society, of which he had previously been one of the Secretaries. Concerning this appointment, the *Lancet* speaks thus: "The requirements of the office are numerous; he who holds it must be thoroughly versed in at least one branch of human knowledge, and be regarded by those who are most familiar with it as its most brilliant exponent. But he must be something more than this, and be capable of recognising and appreciating the value of other lines of thought and research than those at which he has worked. Lastly, he must be fitted to conduct the business relations of a large and rich society. No one combines these qualifications for the office more perfectly than Professor Huxley. He has been an energetic and steady worker, and is the unrivalled head of biological science in this country. He may be ranked next to Darwin himself as the ablest exponent of the doctrines of evolution; he is a subtle dialectician, and as a man of wide and liberal education may be depended on to promote the cause of science by every legitimate means."

"THIRLBY HALL."

A NEW STORY, by W. E. Noris, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 57.

THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON

THOSE persons who have been married, and who have themselves experienced a *lune de miel*, are well aware that there is a certain degree of risk in taking two persons away from their ordinary avocations and associates, and placing them in constant companionship for a period not exceeding thirty days. Rapid travelling, too, produces weariness and fatigue, and thus it often comes to pass that the couple who have so recently exchanged vows of everlasting love are just a *little* bit weary of each other. Our artist has depicted such a phase, but it need not necessarily mean anything serious. When they get back to the regular business of life they will, if they began with genuine affection, be all right again. Our advice to newly-wedded couples on their bridal tour is that they should not keep too much to themselves, but stave off the hazard of *ennui* by cultivating, on board steamboats, in railway carriages, or at *table d'hôtes*, the society of their fellow creatures.

GUMMING THE OLD CANOE

THIS is a scene often to be witnessed in the backwoods of the Canadian Dominion in spring-time, when the sun has begun to assert his power, when the monotonous white of the snow is replaced by green grass and flowers, and when the rivers are released from their icy fetters. Then, with a view to fishing and other expeditions, the old canoe is brought out, and sedulously examined, its leaks being carefully caulked with the viscous juices with which the forest trees abound.



THE SUEZ CANAL AGREEMENT.—The chief domestic topic of the week has been the agreement announced by Mr. Childers on the 11th inst. in the House of Commons as having been arranged between our Government and M. de Lesseps. The chief heads of the agreement are that M. de Lesseps' Company shall make a second parallel Canal, to be finished, if possible, by the end of 1888, that we shall lend them 8,000,000, for the purpose at 3½ per cent., and that as the Company's profits increase the tonnage and pilotage dues shall be proportionately reduced. This announcement, unaccompanied as it was with any explanation, was received in the City—and, indeed in commercial circles all over the country—with the utmost surprise and indignation. Excited meetings were held, and it was declared that the interests of England had been treated as entirely subordinate to those of the Canal Company. On the 13th inst. an influential deputation visited Mr. Childers, who, in reply to their complaints, said that we could not help ourselves. He had taken the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, who said that M. de Lesseps' Company had an absolute monopoly over the Isthmus of Suez, and that, such being the case, the Government had made the best bargain they could for British interests.

THE IRON TRADE STRIKE in North Staffordshire ceased on Tuesday, the men at all the forges in the district having returned to work at the reduced rate. In South Staffordshire, however, a ballot being taken at most of the works in the West Bromwich and Smethwick districts, out of 1,705 voters only 95 voted for resuming work at the drop, and the strike still continues.

THE NATIONAL SMOKE ABATEMENT ASSOCIATION called an influential meeting on Monday at the Mansion House. Mr. Ernest Hart, Chairman of the Council, read the report detailing the steps that had been taken to carry out the objects of the Association. Many appliances had been introduced for the combustion of non-smoky coal, and for improving the draught of chimneys. The Duke of Westminster illustrated the damage that a canopy of smoke did to individual health and public buildings. For instance, the damage done by it to the Houses of Parliament causes an annual expenditure of 2,500. He moved the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously.

AT A MEETING on Tuesday of the City Commission of Sewers, Dr. Sedgwick Saunders, medical officer for the City, made some interesting remarks on the precautions which should be taken to prevent a cholera epidemic. He recommended that sewers should be more often flushed and deodorised than was done at present, that all gratings in the roadways should be closed, and an exit-pipe for the sewer-gases carried to the top of an adjoining house; roadways should be sprinkled with water containing some germicide, and the walls of the narrower courts lime-whitened occasionally; food inspectors should increase their vigilance in detecting and seizing all unsound food, and the public should be warned of the danger of neglecting the early symptoms of cholera.

AT WEXFORD the alliance of Liberals and Conservatives, in supporting the candidature of the O'Conor Don, rather took the Nationalists aback, but owing to the vigorous assistance of Messrs. Sexton and Healy, Mr. Redmond has easily defeated his antagonist. After the polling a serious collision took place between the police and the crowd, in which stones were thrown and bayonets used. Mr. Healy, speaking to several thousand people afterwards, said the police had acted like savages, and charged an inoffensive crowd. He himself had his clothes torn, and his skull would have been smashed if he had not been recognised by a police sergeant.—An influential deputation of the Irish Medical Profession waited on Mr. Hamilton, the Irish Under-Secretary, at Dublin Castle on Tuesday, and presented a memorial to be sent to Earl Spencer. They represented that the profession in Ireland ought not to be placed in an inferior position to that which it held in England and Scotland, and suggested that instead of a knighthood being conferred on Mr. Porter, the Queen's Surgeon in Ireland, a baronetcy should be conferred on each branch of the profession.—The investigation into

the murder of Mrs. Smythe, of Barbavilla, Westmeath, is still proceeding, and there are fifteen prisoners in custody.—In Dublin an attempt has been made to burn James Carey's house. The informer has been declared a bankrupt.

THE COLUMBIA MARKET was on Tuesday reopened, according to the original intention of its founder, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, for the sale of fish "at fairly remunerative prices, but at something less than an advance of from 300 to 600 per cent.," to quote Mr. Burdett Coutts' letter announcing the fact.

AT GLASGOW the relief fund raised for the friends and relatives of those lost in the *Daphne* disaster has reached 16,000, including a donation of 100, from the Queen.

FIRES HAVE BEEN NUMEROUS in the past week. At Hull the destruction of a warehouse caused 100,000, worth of damage. In Artillery Lane, E.C., a fire occurred in a chemical manufactory, which did much damage, and in Grove Road, Mile End, the explosion of a spirit lamp caused the death of a girl. On Tuesday a fire broke out in the passenger ship *Collingrove*, bound for Adelaide, lying in the Thames, and she had to return to dock.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE has been nominated for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University. Mr. Trevelyan is the Liberal candidate. The election will take place at the beginning of the winter session.

ON TUESDAY an interesting trial took place of an electrical launch built by Messrs. Yarrow and Co. The little vessel is forty feet long, and carries forty-five passengers. The voyage from the Temple Pier to Greenwich was made at a speed of more than seven knots an hour, and the trial was very satisfactory. The motive power is furnished by eighty accumulators, which are placed under the floor of the boat, thus leaving the whole space free for passengers.

MR. BRADLAUGH, speaking on Saturday at the Dean Forest Miners' demonstration, moved a resolution advocating the removal of the "iniquitous" law of entail and primogeniture, and the abolition of perpetual pensions, which was carried unanimously. It is understood that he has abandoned all hope of entering the present Parliament, and will wait till the General Election.

DOVER was *en fête* on Saturday, when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught opened a public park, and inaugurated the New Town Hall. On Monday the trial of the 80-ton guns on the Admiralty Pier took place, and, except that the reports shattered all the panes of glass in the lighthouse, was very successful.

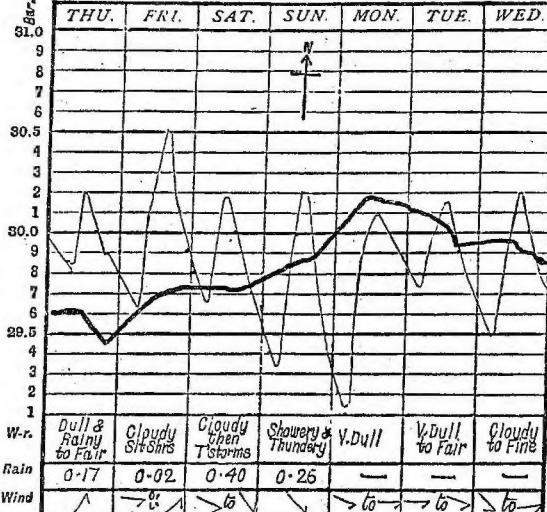
THE WEEK'S OBITUARY includes the names of Mr. John Whyte-Melville, father of the late novelist, Major G. J. Whyte-Melville; Mr. Weston Cracroft Amcotts, formerly M.P. for Mid-Lincolnshire; and of Mr. Edward Backhouse Eastwick, the great Oriental scholar, and some time Conservative Member for Falmouth. He was the author of numerous works relating to the East.

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION was on Wednesday night brilliantly illuminated for the *fiête* "in Aid of the Funds for the Erection of an English Church at Berlin." The Prince and Princess of Wales assisted most actively, as did the other Royalties. The Princess had a flower stall, where the buying went on briskly, the Duke and Duchess of Albany dispensed refreshments, and the Chinese Ambassador and the Marchioness Tseng sold painted fans and embroideries of their own making. Two theatres were in full swing, and the entertainment did not end till past 1 A.M.

LORD DUFFERIN, speaking at the annual banquet of the Grocers' Company, said that for thousands of years the Egyptian people had been the victims of malversation and tyranny, and that corruption and oppression in every form were so ingrained in the administration of the country as to become, in the eyes of the peasantry, a law of nature. But no sooner had the smoke of Tel-el-Kebir cleared away than a new Egypt came into existence, soon, he trusted, to become the home of equal laws, domestic freedom, and constitutional government, in which all the wisdom of the West might be harmonised with Eastern habits of thought, and the precepts and customs of an Oriental religion.

THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR.—M. Waddington, who has succeeded M. Tissot as Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, is, although a French citizen, an Englishman by birth and education. He was educated at Rugby and Cambridge, and rowed in the winning Eight against Oxford in 1849. He was the chief representative of France at the Berlin Congress, and was afterwards Prime Minister, being succeeded on his resignation by M. de Freycinet. The German papers regard his appointment as a proof of the desire of the French Government to keep on good terms with this country.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM JULY 12 TO JULY 18 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same intervals, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Unsettled conditions, with cold showery weather and thunderstorms, have again prevailed. During the greater part of the time a depression has existed to the north-east of our islands, the accompanying winds being consequently from the north-westward. In the course of Thursday (12th inst.) a depression moved eastwards from the extreme north of our islands, and the barometer commenced to rise, the weather being dull throughout, with rain. The following day found the disturbance still moving away to the east, while the mercury rose generally, and a distinct improvement in the weather set in. On Saturday (14th inst.) a shallow depression lay over England, and two heavy thunderstorms, with hail and sharp rainfall, were experienced, one occurring at noon and the other at 4 P.M.; the air afterwards became decidedly cooler. The chart for Sunday (15th inst.) showed several subsidiary disturbances, and more thunder, with frequent showers, was again experienced. Monday (16th inst.) found pressure increasing, but the greater part of the day was decidedly dull. The conditions on Tuesday (17th inst.) were little different, while the weather was again cloudy, cold, and unseasonable. The prospect for better weather was somewhat poor on the last day (Wednesday, 18th inst.) of the period. Temperature has been several degrees below the average. The barometer was highest (30.8 inches) on Monday (16th inst.); lowest (29.4 inches) on Thursday (12th inst.); range, 0.70°. Temperature was highest (70°) on Friday (13th inst.); lowest (43°) on Monday (16th inst.); range, 27°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.85 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.40 inch, on Saturday (14th inst.).



MDLLE. LOUISE MICHEL has written a Socialist drama, *Coy Rouge*, which is to be produced in Paris next winter.

A TUNNEL UNDER THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR has been suggested to the Spanish Government by a French Company, and the Spaniards are inclined to favour the project.

GENERAL TOM THUMB, the well-known American dwarf, has died in New York at the age of forty-six. His real name was Charles Stratton, and he had been before the public since he was five years old.

THE CALCUTTA EXHIBITION promises to prove very successful. The Australian colonies in particular are taking considerable trouble to be well represented with the view of developing their Indian trade, and over 400 exhibitors from Great Britain have applied for space.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION'S VISIT TO MONTREAL next year is eagerly anticipated by the Canadians, who have already made all arrangements for entertaining their guests. One of the chief excursions will be a fortnight's trip from Montreal to the Rocky Mountains, returning by Chicago and Niagara.

A DAY IN EPPING FOREST for nearly 600 schoolchildren from St. Mark's, Whitechapel, is earnestly pleaded for by the Vicar and Churchwardens of this very poor parish. Contributions would be thankfully received by the Rev. D. Reakes, 33, Arbour Square, or by Mr. E. Olley, Churchwarden, 11, High Street, Whitechapel, E.

THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF LIBERTY which France is going to present to the United States will be supported on a huge pedestal 150 feet high. The monument will stand in the middle of a small star redoubt, Fort Wood, at the entrance of New York Harbour, and the exterior of the redoubt is to be covered with turf, so that the statue and its pedestal may appear to spring from a mossy bank.

A LARGE THRASHER SHARK was caught off Hastings last week, the fishermen who captured it having considerable trouble to secure their prize. The shark is fourteen feet long, and is said by Professor Huxley to be the finest specimen seen in this country for forty years. The Professor bought it for scientific purposes, but the creature had been previously shown at the Fisheries Exhibition, where also another interesting capture has been on view—a Royal sturgeon caught in the Thames off Erith. The unfortunate sturgeon was evidently suffocated by the impure Thames water, as it was found floating nearly lifeless down the stream. It weighed 117 lbs., and was six feet three inches long.

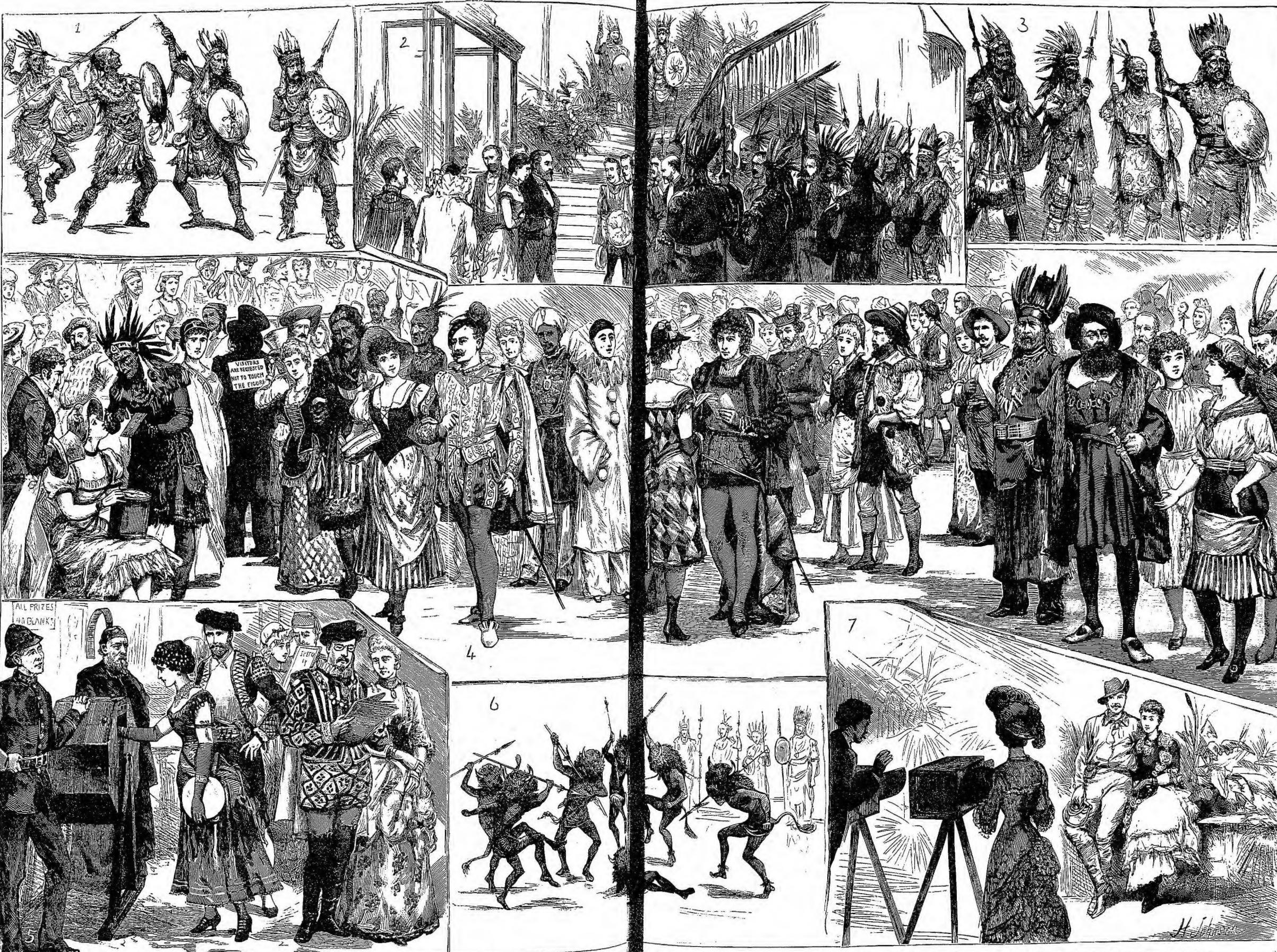
MR. STANLEY'S WORK ON THE UPPER CONGO appears to be prospering, notwithstanding the loss of five of his European companions, one of whom died from sunstroke, while another committed suicide. Mr. Stanley himself, however, is well, and has formed several important native alliances, in opposition to M. de Brazza and his annexation projects. He is now engaged on a ten months' trip on the Upper Congo to Stanley Falls, with a flotilla of three steamers, and numerous light canoes, and after founding a new station—Bololo—hopes to reach the East Coast in February. Meanwhile, M. de Brazza has taken possession of the Loango territory, as the natives had pillaged his vessel, the *Orisiamme*, whilst the sailors were out of the way.

BUST OF THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.—Although the present period can boast of no sculptor whose productions can be placed on a par with the works that have come down to us from past ages, yet there is one point in which, on the whole, the modern school has taken a decided departure from the old rules. However beautiful the outlines of these ancient works, animation was wanting in the face, where the eyes were blind, and the mouth inexpressive. A very successful effort has been made to give animation to the face by Mr. Conrad Dressler in his large bust of Mr. Gladstone. Instead of the lines of cold clay, one here sees that never-to-be-forgotten look of calm yet piercing intelligence which beams from the eye of the right hon. gentleman when he is addressing the House.

LONDON MORTALITY continues high, and the deaths last week numbered 1,736 against 1,521 during the previous seven days, being an increase of 215, and 155 above the average, while the death-rate rose to 22.9 per 1,000. There were 325 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 158), 70 from measles (a rise of 5), 30 from scarlet fever (a fall of 5), 31 from whooping-cough (an increase of 1), 26 from diphtheria (a rise of 14), 15 from simple cholera (a rise of 9), 13 from enteric fever (an increase of 2), 4 from ill-defined forms of fever, 1 from typhus, and not one from small-pox, though the usual average at this time of the year reaches 12. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs increased to 195 from 179, a rise of 16, and 2 above the average. Different forms of violence caused 57 deaths. There were 2,534 births registered against 2,478 in the previous return, being 62 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 61.4 deg., and 1.5 deg. above the average.

THE HEALTH OF ROME will be much improved by the cultivation of the Roman marshes, which the Government at length intends to undertake in real earnest. Thus Parliament has passed a Bill for the reclamation of all waste lands near the Eternal City, and plans of the property within a ten mile radius are to be submitted at once to the Ministry, who require proprietors to begin cultivation within a year. The ground will be free from all taxes for twenty years, but should owners refuse to carry out the work, the Government will appropriate their property, and cultivate the land for the benefit of the State. Indeed, the Italian authorities are determined that ground shall not lie idle, for they promise to cut down the famous Ravenna pine forest, and cultivate corn in its stead. This forest is now a mere shadow of its former glory, as the trees are bare skeletons, apparently killed by the loss of the moisture which formerly percolated through the sandy soil until the cutting of the railway close by stopped the filtration.

THE COMING LUTHER QUATERCENTENARY is now arousing great popular interest throughout Germany, as the commemoration begins early next month at Erfurt with a minute historical reproduction of the Reformer's reception by the University on his way to Worms. Luther relics are being brought out all over the country, and the Museum at Halle, on the Saale, has just unearthed a wax mask taken from Luther's features when his body lay in the Market Church in February, 1546, on the journey from Eisleben to Wittenberg. The Berlin Markish Museum owns the very Bible used in Luther's preparatory studies for his translation of the Scriptures. It is a large Latin edition, printed at Basle in 1500, and the pages and inside of the covers are completely covered with his coarse handwriting. On the title page he wrote the quotation, "If Thy Word, Oh Lord, do not comfort me, I should perish in misery." 1542, Mart. Luther, D." The chief festivities will be reserved for the actual anniversary, November 10th, but it is also proposed to hold a Luther Festival at Wittenberg in September. The most curious part of the celebration will be the series of Reformation plays, while Berlin will bring out an oratorio, "Luther in Worms," and Leipsic will produce Herzen's drama of *Martin Luther*, which represents the burning of the Papal Bull, the Council of Worms, and the life on the Wartburg.



1. THE BARBARIC PROCESSION.—2. ARRIVAL OF T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES: THE SAVAGE GUARD OF HONOUR.—3. THE BARBARIC PROCESSION.—4. THE ARENA (BETWEEN THE DANCES).—5. THE TOMBOLA: DRAWING PRIZES.—6. THE BUFFALO DANCE.—7. "UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT."

THE FANCY COSTUME BALL OF THE SAVAGE CLUB AT ALBERT HALL IN AID OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC



CHOLERA is steadily spreading in EGYPT, and has now reached Cairo. Though by no means so severe as in former years, the outbreak extends over a considerable area, and hitherto the elaborate cordons and attempts at isolation have only caused much suffering to the infected places without successfully limiting the epidemic. Refugees manage to escape, and thus spread the infection, indeed, it is fairly certain that fugitives brought the disease to Cairo, as the first cases occurred at points where old boats, with wood from Damietta, had anchored. The deaths in the capital were stated to reach 61 on Tuesday, but it is difficult to obtain accurate information from the unwilling Egyptian authorities. Preparations are being made to take the British garrison out of harm's way, to Helouan, a very healthy station on the Mokattam Hills, a few miles from Cairo, while the soldiers have been strictly forbidden to enter the bazaars. Those at Alexandria will be moved to the desert in case of necessity, but as yet only isolated cases have occurred there, the last being that of an Englishwoman, who was openly transported through the streets to the hospital, as she could obtain no nurse within the cordon. A cordon has been placed round Alexandria, where the cholera panic is very great. The inhabitants are flying, and business is suspended. Sir Evelyn Wood, who had started on leave, has been recalled, in consequence of the outbreak at Cairo, while all Egyptian soldiers on furlough are put into quarantine before rejoining their regiments.

Thanks to the ignorance of the native doctors and the lack of medical supplies and suitable food, the proportion of fatal cases is decidedly high, 2,983 deaths having occurred between June 22 and July 17. European doctors are willing and anxious to go to the rescue, but difficulties are put in their way. They will now, however, be able fully to study the disease, and Surgeon-General W. Hunter, who has had much cholera experience in India, goes out from the British Government to superintend the investigations. As to the natives out of danger, they are heartlessly indifferent to their distressed countrymen. After much trouble relief has at last reached Mansourah, where, as at Damietta, the deaths have decidedly decreased, but the needful aid given was entirely due to European charity and exertions. Fortunately the Canal route remains healthy, no further cases having been reported from Port Said. This, however, does not check the alarm of infection from homeward-bound vessels sent by all Continental countries. Spain even carried her precautions so far as to impose three days' quarantine on vessels from England, considering that sufficient care was not taken at British ports, but it is expected that this vexatious measure will be modified.

Public attention in FRANCE is entirely concentrated upon England's attitude in the two burning questions of Madagascar and the Suez Canal. Apparently forgetting how freely they themselves have criticised their neighbour for some time past, the French in general object to the British taking a similar tone on their side, and are virtuously indignant at what they call "the incomprehensible conduct and unmeasured language of the English Government." From their point of view, the proposed Suez Canal agreement concedes too much to England, while they consider the British agitation against the arrangement as merely factitious indignation, assumed to obtain better terms from the Canal Company. Nevertheless, this language is not echoed from official quarters. M. de Lesseps, while ready enough to express his opinions to interviewers, is comparatively moderate in tone, and declares his confidence in "the loyal and Liberal Government, of which Mr. Gladstone, the great English orator, is the head." He believes that Parliament will ratify the agreement, but should the British Government be forced to withdraw, he will carry the scheme through by his original plan of raising the necessary funds in France alone. The shareholders will thus reap the benefit of British obstinacy, and they may be fully convinced by the attacks on M. de Lesseps how firmly he has defended their interests. Another element has now been introduced into the dispute by Turkey having signified that no addition can be made to the powers of the Canal Company without the authority of the Sultan as Suzerain. Meanwhile, M. de Lesseps has not neglected his other scheme, the Panama Canal, which he now announces will be completed by the end of 1888.

The Government are acting with great caution respecting the Madagascar difficulty with England, and the appointment of M. Waddington as Ambassador to Great Britain is considered a further proof of good feeling. Accordingly, M. Challemel-Lacour was most careful in the Chamber to praise the English confidence and courtesy, also firmly asserting that facts neither accurately known nor explained could not impair the cordial relations between the two countries. He felt sure that the report was caused by a serious misunderstanding, as Admiral Pierre was a thoroughly discreet and reliable officer, but added that, "if any serious error has occurred, in which passion played a part, we shall not hesitate to fulfil the obligations imposed on us by justice and the interests of the country." Admiral Pierre, however, has as yet given no explanation of the occurrence, in reply to the Government inquiries. No full account can reach Europe for some days, but the reports brought by recent vessels leave no doubt that the French acted in very imperious style in taking possession of Tamatave. The captain of the British vessel *Dryad* was told that as he had sent an English detachment on shore he was liable for the damage done during the bombardment, although the Marines kept strictly to quarters throughout the affair. Moreover, though due honours were paid to the British Consul's funeral, the *Dryad* was afterwards turned out of her place in the harbour by the chief French vessel, while Admiral Pierre even tried to force the captain to send his home despatches on board the French flag-ship, instead of direct to the British *Taymouth Castle*. The French are in entire command of all commerce and postal affairs at Tamatave, where the feeling between British and French is in a very strained condition. Nevertheless, at Antananarivo, when the French residents were forced by the Hovas to leave on the reception of the Admiral's ultimatum, the English did all in their power to assist them on their journey.

These important subjects have effectually overshadowed the illness of the Comte de Chambord, more particularly as the sufferer has taken an unexpected turn for the better. Though very weak, the Comte can take more food, suffers less pain, and can even be carried out; while the French physician summoned from Paris, Dr. Vulpian, doubts whether the disease is cancer after all, and gives hopes of temporary recovery. Thus the Orleans Princes have left Vienna, and daily bulletins are no longer issued. PARIS greatly enjoyed her National *fête* on Saturday, notwithstanding unfavourable weather and sundry futile attempts to raise the Anarchist black flag. The city was less generally decorated than usual, but the illuminations were splendid, and crowds went to the review, thronged the free theatrical representations, and witnessed the great event of the day—the unveiling of the monument to the Republic in the Place du Chateau d'Eau. M. Ferry had refused to attend, being unable to countenance the speech of the President of the Municipal Council urging an amnesty and a regular Municipality

for Paris, so the President performed the ceremony himself, and made the objectionable oration unchecked. The anniversary was celebrated peacefully in the provinces, except at Roubaix, where there was a mild Anarchist riot.

In GERMANY the Suez Canal affair arouses great interest, although the country has little actual personal concern in the matter. Not only do the Germans condemn the agreement as strikingly unfavourable to England, and justly calculated to arouse commercial indignation, but they protest that the excessive privileges to be accorded to the Canal Company are concessions affecting the trading commerce of all nations, which should be resisted by the whole world. The May Laws Amendment Bill has now been signed and published, and the Prussian Minister to the Vatican is coming home to discuss afresh the Clerical situation with Prince Bismarck, who is much the better for the forest air of Friedrichsruhe. The Emperor is at Gastein, and comes to Frankfort next month for the manoeuvres, when there will be a large gathering of Royal and foreign visitors. The Prince of Wales is expected, after visiting the Baden races, where, it is said, he will run two horses, and the King of Spain will be another chief guest. The new Commercial Treaty between Germany and Spain has been signed, with considerable concessions on the German side.

The chief news from INDIA still concerns the Ilbert Bill. Those two provinces likely to be most affected by the measure—Bengal and Assam—strongly urge its withdrawal. Indeed, the Chief Commissioner of Assam plainly states that nothing will reconcile the Europeans to the Bill, and that as they represent the wealth and intelligence of Assam the work of Government will be fairly brought to a standstill should their good-will be alienated by the passing of the measure in any form. Again, the Calcutta High Court have drawn up a lengthy document meeting the Government arguments, and pointing out both the advantages of the present mode of administering justice and the dangers of the proposed innovation. The only other subject of interest is the intended annual subsidy of 120,000/- to the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN, which, however, will only be granted on condition that Abdurrahman shall act in conformity with British interests, and in a spirit of general friendliness. Although the British Government have frequently made valuable monetary gifts to the Ameer's predecessors this will be the first time any Afghan ruler has received a regular and fixed subsidy.

The pauper emigrant excitement in the UNITED STATES is completely ended, the last indigent batch being some twenty Jews, who are to be returned at once. Altogether emigration has considerably diminished during the year ending in June, 599,114 emigrants being recorded against 788,992 during 1882. The decrease is most noticeable from Germany, which nevertheless still contributes the largest share, England coming second. The telegraph operators are agitating for increase of wages and decrease of labour, and should their demands be refused some 15,000 will strike. It is expected, however, that a compromise will be made.

The various tribal struggles continue to agitate SOUTH AFRICA. Instead of the successes recently reported from Zululand, Cetewayo has been repeatedly defeated by Ohani and Usibepu, and Ohani has established himself on the Zlobane Hills, whence he can harass his adversary's followers. Thus the whole district is greatly disturbed, so that not only has an Englishman been murdered, but the natives have been massacred wholesale by Cetewayo's party. This state of affairs greatly alarms the Transvaal Boers, who are also anxious respecting a fresh contest in Basutoland impending between the old rebel Masupha and the loyal chiefs under Lerothodi. On the other hand, the Boers' difficulties with Mampoen and Mapoch have ended in the surrender of the two chiefs.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the trial of the Hungarian Jews still continues in AUSTRIA, and the Court have visited the synagogue at Tisza Eisslar with Moritz Scharf, to test the truth of that promising lad's statement.—In ITALY a fatal yacht accident has occurred at the mouth of the Tiber. Four young Romans foolishly ventured out in a heavy sea, the vessel capsized, and three lives were lost.—Foreign residents in TURKEY are vigorously protesting against the new patent law, as they fear that the tax will be grievously abused if the levying is entrusted to Turkish agents. Turkey is no further advanced towards the settlement of her Albanian troubles, while she is now at odds with the Cretans, who refuse to pay their taxes. The Galata banker lately carried off by brigands has been released on paying a ransom of 1,000/- QUEENSLAND is firmly bent on her annexation projects, and has sent a memorandum to the Home Government, urging them to reconsider their decision respecting New Guinea, and to take steps for providing a federal government for the Colonies.



THE Queen was to leave Windsor yesterday (Friday) for the Isle of Wight, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, Princess Beatrice having gone to Aix-les-Bains for the waters. Her Majesty continues fairly well in health, and has been entertaining numerous visitors. Thus on Saturday the Duke and Duchess of Albany, with the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, lunched with the Queen, and Her Majesty received the Countess of Kimberley to decorate her with the Order of the Crown of India. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived in the evening, and Prince and Princess Christian joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning the Queen and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at the Frogmore Mausoleum, when the Dean of Windsor officiated, the Dean with Canon and Lady Caroline Courtney dining with Her Majesty in the evening. On Monday the Queen received Lady Dufferin and Lady Helen Blackwood, and on Tuesday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned to Bagshot, while Princess Beatrice left for Buckingham Palace. Next morning the Princess started for France, travelling *incognito* as Lady Beatrice Kent, and after spending the night in Paris reached Aix yesterday (Friday). She is staying at the Hotel de l'Europe, and will remain three weeks at Aix, returning home in time to accompany the Queen to Scotland.

The Prince of Wales returned to town on Sunday from visiting Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor, Aylesbury, and left again on Monday for York. Immediately on his arrival, the Prince visited the Blind School, attended service in the Minster, and dined with Sir George Wombwell, afterwards going to the *soirée* at the Fine Art Institution. On Tuesday he inspected the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, went to the bazaar in aid of the Factory Girls' Club, and dined with the members of the Yorkshire Club. Next day the Prince laid the foundation stone of the new York Institute, with Masonic honours, leaving afterwards for town, when he accompanied the Princess to the evening *fête* at the Fisheries' Exhibition in aid of the fund for building an English church at Berlin. The Princess presided at the flower-stall, while Princess Christian and the Duchess of Connaught were at the refreshment buffet, and the Duchess of Albany assisted in the Chinese tent. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince and Princess were to visit Swanley, to open the new Orphan Homes in connection with the Homes for Little Boys. Next Monday they give a garden party.

The Duchess of Edinburgh arrived at Coburg from Russia on

Monday. The Duke came over from Kissingen to meet her, leaving again to continue his course of taking the waters.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught go to Dover on Saturday to open the new Public Park and Municipal Hall.—Princess Louise has sent a picture to the Grosvenor Gallery—"The Coxswain on Board H.M.S. *Comus*," the vessel which conveyed the Princess to Bermuda.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany were to visit Roehampton yesterday (Friday) to distribute the prizes at the School for Daughters of Officers of the Army.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, speaking at the Eighth Diocesan Conference, held at Lambeth Palace on Tuesday, said that the chief subject pressing on the Church was religious instruction. A well-known Italian had said to him, speaking of the struggle between agnosticism and Christianity, that if something were not done in twenty years the name of Christ would be unknown in Italy. That showed them what would happen if the Church was changed into a political party. The quality of the religious instruction now given was not by any means perfect; 52 per cent. of the Board School teachers who tried for admission to Church schools failed in Bible knowledge. It was the duty of the Church resolutely to assist the Board Schools, as well as to improve their own in that particular. In conclusion, he urged that the laity should share the responsibility of this work.

A MEETING OF THE LIBERATION SOCIETY was held on Monday, at which it was resolved actively to support the resolution, which Mr. Richard, M.P., will move next Session, for the Disestablishment of the Church of England. It was agreed, too, that the motions of Mr. Peggie and Mr. Dillwyn for the Disestablishment of the State Churches in Scotland and Wales respectively should be supported, and meetings to further this end will be held in the principal towns next winter.

THE HEALTH OF THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH still causes much anxiety, although since Sunday there has been a slight improvement.

"GENERAL" BOOTH, addressing his followers at Hanley on Saturday night, said, with reference to the Eagle Tavern, that he had acted honestly and under legal advice in keeping it open as a temperance inn, inasmuch as he had maintained the spirit license. He had no fear as to the result of the trial.

LORD PENZANCE will deliver judgment to-day in the case of Martin v. Mackonochie, which has been pending so long.

THE ELECTION OF A VICAR took place on Sunday at Sandford, near Crediton, Devon. The right of nomination is vested in three Church governors, whose selection has to be confirmed by the parishioners. The first selection of the governors was refused by the ratepayers, whose choice was the Rev. G. Llewellyn, who had been curate for two years. The governors then nominated him, and he was unanimously elected by the congregation, who voted as they came out of church in the afternoon—both sexes having a vote.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE will this year be held at Hull, and will commence on Tuesday next at 9.30. Dr. Moulton and Mr. McCullagh are freely spoken of for the Presidency, both of them being highly esteemed among the brethren. The Stationing Committee will probably issue the first draft of the stations on Saturday.

THE POSSIBLE RESIGNATION of the Bishop of Lincoln has caused much regret, and funds for the new See of Southwell are earnestly being asked for. Already 40,000/- has been collected from residents in the four counties especially interested, and only 19,000/- is now required.

THE DEATH is announced of Canon John Thomas, of Canterbury. He was unwell when he attended the Enthronement of the new Archbishop, and soon after became seriously ill. He leaves three daughters.



THE proceedings in Parliament this week have been dwarfed and overshadowed by the question of the Suez Canal. Like many other episodes fraught with intense public interest, and sometimes with the fate of great Ministries, this question suddenly and unexpectedly presented itself. It was known that the Government were in communication with M. de Lesseps on the subject of a second Canal. The inadequacy of existing arrangements had forced upon the British mercantile community a necessity for doubling the means of communication across the Isthmus. They had taken the matter up, and a Committee of British Shipowners, meeting in London, had arrived at the conclusion that the simple thing to do was to make a second Canal, and they were prepared to find the money. Then it became known that the Government had taken the matter in hand, and the shipowners stood aside awaiting the issue. On Wednesday week it was made known, and since then the storm of disapprobation, which probably reached its height on the Friday, has shown but slight signs of subsidence.

It seems evident that Mr. Childers, who has personally had the matter under his direction, has here committed the fatal error which wrecked the administration of Mr. Forster in Ireland. It was complained of that right hon. gentlemen that the last persons he consulted when forming his policy were the Irish members, not necessarily those under the leadership of Mr. Parnell, but men of the stamp of Mr. Shaw and others who sit on the Liberal side. If Mr. Childers had adopted what seems the obvious business procedure of taking counsel with the British shipowners at the same time that he was bargaining with M. de Lesseps, a false step might have been spared the Government. Why he did not do so is, perhaps, clear. The Government, before entering into negotiations with M. de Lesseps, consulted their Law Officers as to the legality of his claim to have exclusive powers for making a Canal or Canals across the Isthmus of Suez. That answer was given in favour of M. de Lesseps's monopoly, and the importance attached to it, and the deliberation shown by the Government in arriving at a decision on this matter, is proved by the somewhat unusual course of including the Lord Chancellor in reference of the case. Armed with the authority of these great luminaries, the Lord Chancellor, the Attorney-General, and the Solicitor-General, the Chancellor of the Exchequer thought there was no more to be said on the matter of exclusive right, and that being so even those hottest in their denunciation of the project will admit that the best possible bargain has been made. What was overlooked was the possibility of this legal decision being challenged, and the influence of the doubt so far affecting shipowners and the mercantile community that they would rather run the risk of postponing the construction of a second Canal, or having it made in French interest, than concede the exclusive right, and accept a bargain founded upon it.

The Conservative Opposition, which saw the approach of the

close of the Session, and felt the consciousness that divided counsels and lack of opportunity had prevented them from making much capital out of the Session, quickly awakened to the greatness and the brilliancy of this chance. No sign was made at the time, when the heads of agreement were read by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Next day it was thought that the utmost stage of opposition had been reached when Sir H. Wolff gave notice of a proposal to refer the agreement to a Select Committee. On the Friday matters were still so uncertain that Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, undertaking in the absence of Lord Randolph Churchill to lead the Conservative party, gave notice to move the rejection of the scheme, providing that Sir Stafford Northcote did not move in the same direction. But, unknown as yet to the rank and file of the party, the leaders of the Opposition had decided to make a bold stroke, and to attack the Government with the unwonted force of the tide of public opinion setting in against them on the Canal question. Sir Stafford Northcote, in all humility, as he said, after hearing Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's notice, undertook to move the rejection of the proposal when it came before the House in due form. Whether that opportunity will ever be afforded to the Leader of the Opposition appears at the moment extremely doubtful. Questioned on Monday night as to Ministerial intentions, the Prime Minister intimated that no further steps will be taken in the matter till after the Agricultural Holdings Bill is through Committee. That delay is interposed, it is understood, in deference to the opinion, or, perhaps, the hope of some members of the Cabinet, that with fuller opportunity for reflection the public will rally to the side of the Government, perceiving that they have made the best, and, indeed, the only bargain possible. If the forlornly hoped-for rally does not take place it is understood the matter will be dropped as quietly as disappointed Conservatives will permit.

Another question of high Imperial policy presented itself simultaneously with the Suez Canal affair. On the same day that Mr. Childers communicated particulars of the provisional arrangement to the House, Mr. Gladstone read a telegram from Tamatave, describing a gross outrage on the British Consul by the French Admiral. Rumours pointing to the event had been in circulation late on Tuesday night. But they had not reached the newspapers, and the announcement of events which, unless explained, would bring England and France into conflict, came as a great shock upon the House and the country. Mr. Gladstone's grave manner in making the announcement lost for it nothing of its import, but it was clear that no step would be taken nor any opinion formed upon the fragmentary telegram which reached the Government, and which it was found upon inquiry was altogether unsupported by despatches received in Paris. In these circumstances the country behaves with conspicuous good sense. There has been no howling or rampaging. The tone of Mr. Gladstone's communication to the House of Commons, and his statement signifying that the French Government had been informed of the nature of the answer anticipated, carry conviction that the affair would be properly dealt with from the English point of view, and, pending the arrival of despatches, judgment has been suspended, and the topic has almost dropped out of political conversation.

Under the shadow of these big events, the unsensational business of the House of Commons has glided along at a promising pace. When on the Friday morning the House of Commons met, it was faced by a dozen pages of amendments yet to be dealt with in Committee on the Corrupt Practices Bill. According to ordinary progress this would suffice for a week's sitting. The evening sitting was appropriated for private members, and it seemed at least certain that the Bill must be carried into this week. But good sense and good temper prevailed. The abstract resolutions which would to no purpose have occupied the House at the evening sitting were abandoned. The whole day was given up to the Corrupt Practices Bill, and shortly after midnight it passed the Committee stage. This left Monday free for the Navy Estimates, and, the Committee buckling to in business-like fashion, a considerable number of votes were obtained. The House, crowded at question time in anticipation of a statement by the Prime Minister on the Canal affair, melted away at the prospect of real business in Committee. But later it filled up a little, and there was some liveliness displayed during the discussion on the vote of 20,000l. for the repairing of Her Majesty's yacht the *Victoria and Albert*.

Some remarkable disclosures, not contradicted by officials, were made in the course of the discussion. Mr. Gourley showed by reference to official papers that for the last ten years the *Victoria and Albert* has been afloat on an average of four days per year, the taxpayers paying at the rate of 7,000l. a day, or 280,000l. for the ten years. This might not be complained of if the vessel were of any service. But it was shown she was not, and that in other portions of the Navy Estimates there were large charges on account of conveying the Royal Family across the Channel. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, whilst unable to deny these things, pleaded that one of the Royal yachts, when not required by the Queen or the Royal family, should be at the disposal of the Admiralty, which turned the controversy on the question of what the Admiralty wanted with another yacht. All this was awkward for a Government and a House pledged by a recent division to habits of economy. But when it came to a division only 40 members were found to support Mr. Gourley, 113 voting in the other lobby. On Tuesday the Agricultural Holdings Bill was taken in Committee, and has practically occupied the remainder of the week.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Little need be added this week to the records of Covent Garden. Signor Ravelli having been suddenly restored to health, as though by miraculous energy, *The Flying Dutchman* was given on Monday night under the able and intelligent direction of M. Dupont, whom one or two of our contemporaries (including the generally well-instructed *Musical World*) had shipped back to his *habitat* in the Belgian capital a full week in advance. There is absolutely nothing to say about Wagner's earliest veritable "drama with music" (we are forbidden, under severe pains and penalties, to call it "opera"), which, sustaining its pristine level, does not, it must be admitted, reveal new beauties at each successive hearing. The second act, which comprises the meeting between Senta and the adventurous navigator so long the hero of her dreams, is in a dramatic sense as striking and impressive as ever, and both in a lyric and dramatic sense, may pair off with any scene to be named in the wide Wagnerian repertory. Madame Albani's Senta, it need hardly be said, is a genuine poetic embodiment of that hyper-romantic personage—the "too-too-too" of mediæval legend. The gifted Canadian acts the part and renders the music in perfection. At the same time, the less frequently she undertakes the task the better for herself and the more to the satisfaction of those who rank among her sincerest admirers. M. Devoyod, though a Frenchman, enters thoroughly into the spirit of the Cape-defying Vanderdecken, and his execution of the always trying music would have satisfied, more or less, its exacting composer—at any rate had he witnessed M. Devoyod's performance before the disastrous failure of *Tannhäuser* at the Paris Grand Opera in the Rue Lepelletier, which turned Wagner so

bitterly against France and Frenchmen, not excluding his friend and correspondent, Hector Berlioz, from whom, in the way of orchestration, he borrowed so much while acknowledging so little. Into further details it is needless to enter. The subordinate parts were in the competent hands of Mdlle. Ghiotti, MM. De Reszke and Ravelli; the overture, with its profusion of chromatic scales, up and down, one of the ugliest in an harmonic sense, yet, strange to say, one of the most effective orchestral pieces of its kind, was played with a precision not too highly to be commended, and all the rest, with slight deficiencies here and there, for which Wagner himself must be chiefly held accountable, was to match. On Tuesday, the so-called Patti "gala night," the opera was *La Traviata*, in which the accomplished *prima donna* again shone conspicuous as "the Lady of the Camellias," not only by reason of the brilliant diamonds adorning her person (as if that were possible) in the first act, but also by reason of her exquisitely finished vocalisation, combined with acting of which a native-born French comedian might feel proud, and which, not unnaturally, when the opera was given in Paris, moved the author of the original piece, M. Alexandre Dumas, so greatly that he is reported to have said to Madame Patti, "I conceived the character; you have realised it beyond my conception." Repetitions of *Faust*, *Gioconda*, and *Rigoletto* complete the operatic history of the week. To-night the series of performances comes to an end with *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the opera in which Madame Patti first appeared this season, and which is judiciously selected for her final appearance.

SOME LITERARY NOTES ON HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARD'S

THE archaeologists and historians have naturally been very busy about Hastings, more especially, of course, in relation to Battle Abbey and the field of Senlac. The historical writers of modern times carefully study localities, and even the poets become realistic. Three great writers, within comparatively recent times, have told us the story of the decisive battle of Senlac, which gave the supremacy to the Normans, respectively in novel, poem, and history: Lord Lytton, Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Froude. I really believe that Lord Lytton gives us the most life-like and enduring picture of those times. There is, however, a total absence of any local colour in his great fiction. The same might be said of the original edition of Mr. Tennyson's drama of *Harold*. He has subsequently, however, prefixed a sonnet, entitled "Show Day at Battle Abbey."

A garden here—May breath and bloom of Spring—
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying, "With my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest;" and fancy hears the ring
Of harness and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battle-axe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm;
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slayered King.

The modern school of historians, with their careful realistic studies of localities, have diligently visited Hastings and worked up the details. To this school belong Sharon Turner, Lappenberg, Thierry, and the archaeologists, Airy, Mark Anthony Low, and others. But the historian who has done most this way is Mr. E. A. Freeman, in the third volume of the "History of the Norman Conquest." Mr. Freeman says, "That campaign can be called by no name so fitting as the Campaign of Hastings; for Hastings was the head-quarters of William, the centre of the whole operations of the campaign. But in speaking of the great battle itself, the name of Hastings simply leads to geographical confusion. I speak, therefore, of the Campaign of Hastings, while to the battle itself I bestow the name of Senlac." Mr. Freeman gives careful accounts both of Senlac and of Hastings, so far as they are concerned with his narrative. The town, such as it was, seems to have surrendered to William without a blow. Its few seamen would be utterly unable to resist the immense Norman fleet. The town is placed on a part of the coast where the hills come close down upon the sea, forming a striking contrast to the wide open flats which the Normans had just left behind them at Pevensey. Two gorges between the hills open immediately on the water; the eastern opening is filled up by the elder, the western by the more modern town of Hastings. The hill which divides the two is crowned by the ruins of the Castle, when doubtless made the site of William's headquarters. According to the old chronicles, William made Hastings a permanent camp. "The time at William's command allowed only of the digging of a trench, the casting up of a mound, and the fortification of its summit with a castle of wood. But it was doubtless this temporary work which formed the germ of the stately castle which in after days crowned the heights of Hastings, and within whose walls arose a church and college." Of Senlac Mr. Freeman says that "Nowhere is Harold's military greatness so distinctly felt as when, with the Norman narratives in our hand, we tread the battlefield of his own choice, and see how thoroughly the post was suited for the purposes of him who chose it." The Saxon chroniclers only describe the site as by the "Hoar Apple Tree." According to Mr. Freeman the battlefield stretched westward of the site of the buildings of the Abbey and town of Battle.

There is a certain amount of interesting literary associations belonging to Hastings. There are a whole set of paragraphs to be culled from "The Life and Letters of Lord Byron." He writes, in 1814: "I have been swimming, and eating turbot, and smuggling neat brandies and silk handkerchiefs, and walking on cliffs, and tumbling down hills, and making the most of the *dolce far niente*." It was when he was amusing himself on the Hastings rocks that he attracted the notice of that pious lady, Mrs. Shepherd, whose husband wrote to Byron, after her death, saying how his wife had cared and prayed for him. This letter seems to have elicited some of the deepest tones in Byron's nature. He says he would not have exchanged it for anything in the world. "Video meliora proboque," he wrote to Mr. Shepherd, "however the *deteriora sequor* may be applied to my conduct." Here Henry Taylor wrote his "Edwin the Fair." Lane, the great Arabic scholar, and Samuel Phillips, of the *Times*, have lived here. A worthy lady, Miss Howard, who wrote an interesting work, "Hastings: Past and Present," resided for many years in Wellington Square. She published anonymously some extremely good Church stories,—so much so, that a patron, believing he was addressing a clergyman, wrote and offered a living to the author of "Brampton Rectory." He was hurt when the living was declined, until it was explained to him that the author was a lady. In a big house with iron railings, which is, or was, adorned with an immense magnolia tree, the former residence of that well-known Hastings lady the late Countess of Waldegrave, lives Mr. Coventry Patmore, the poet. Unfortunately he has given no local touches such as Tennyson has given us of Lincolnshire and the Isle of Wight, unless we except the lines "The Burden of the Barren Shore." In the churchyard of the venerable and renovated Church of All Saints—where, by the way, the father of Titus Oates was Rector, and Titus himself was christened—are the remains of a good man and delightful writer, Mr. Mogridge, who, under the assumed titles of "Old Humphrey" and "Peter Parley," was one of the best read and most useful and popular writers of his day for young children. Some Hastings ladies showed him great kindness in his last illness. He loved the place greatly in return, and has many descriptive touches respecting it. "A blessing from above light on thy inhabitants, thy mariners, and the stranger sojourning within thy gates, from St. Leonards to Ecclesbourne, from the windmills to the sea, and from the Barons of the Cinque Ports to the hut of the poor labourer, with his basket of blackberries." His tomb was erected by the Committee of the Religious Tract

Society. Here have come Archdeacon Hare and John Sterling, and Priscilla Maurice died here. About three miles out of Hastings is the delightful retreat of Holmhurst, the abode in the latter part of her life of Mrs. Hare, whose biography has been told by Mr. A. J. C. Hare in his "Memoirs of a Retired Life." Mrs. Brassey's beautiful home at Normanhurst has a literary interest; and so too has Miss North's, whose wonderful illustrations of nature at the Kew Gardens have attracted so much attention. The artists are very fond of the place. Prout lived in George Street. One of the noblest of Turner's paintings, "The Sea View off Hastings," was the result of a sojourn here. Mr. Ruskin has a characteristic allusion to one of the old time-worn church towers, and Mr. Thackeray is supposed to have borrowed the idea of Mr. Sherrick's wine-vaults beneath Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, where Frank Honeyman officiated, from the vaults beneath the Church of St. Mary in the Castle.

St. Leonard's is almost too young to have a history. Fifty years ago there were only about half-a-dozen houses in the parish. Hastings and St. Leonard's now practically constitute one locality, with the finest esplanade that can anywhere be found on the South Coast. The climatic difference is, however, very great; the western end, St. Leonard's, being the more exposed and bracing, while advanced invalids prefer the sheltering cliffs of the old town. Carlyle, in his "Reminiscences," tells us how he came here with his overworked and over-worried wife. Dr. Blakiston, the son of the centenarian Lady Blakiston, both clergyman and physician, and himself the writer of a good book, hospitably entertained them in Warrior Square, the last house nearest the sea, and, like so many other good physicians, refused all payment. When he arrived, "the sea was hoarsely moaning on one hand; the blessed skies sinking into darkness overhead." Afterwards the Carlyles removed into a small furnished house of their own on the Marina; "the worst-built house I was ever in," writes the atrabilious Carlyle. Husband and wife were both bad sleepers; the great problem of their life was to find a room safe from all noises, and not finding this at St. Leonard's, they fled the place. The Carlyles were never able all their lifetime to find a place free from noise. Both Orleanists and Napoleons have come to St. Leonard's for health, not to mention members of our own Royal Family who have taken up their abode here.

Campbell, the poet, lived here for five years, and wrote some of his finest pieces during his stay, and in one of them he catches the local inspiration of the great battle. Charles Lamb having spent three dull seasons on the South Coast—"dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, and dullest at Eastbourne a third," chose to come to Hastings for a fourth. In point of climate that of the twin towns, Hastings and St. Leonard's, is much superior to the others. There must have been to Charles Lamb something very tempting in the South Coast to make him persevere in spite of so many disappointments. He is very severe on Hastings, but his strictures require some qualification. "I love town or country, but this detestable Cinque Port is neither." It must be averred, however, that we have here a most charming town, and if Elia had walked out to the Lovers' Seat he would have found a most charming country. "If it were what it was in its primitive shape it was something. I could abide to dwell with Meshech: to assort with fisherswains and smugglers. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief." If Elia had been only wide awake he would have found many quaint fishermen in the old town, and we believe that at his date a considerable amount of smuggling was still carried on by ardent disciples of the doctrine of Fair Trade.

F. A.



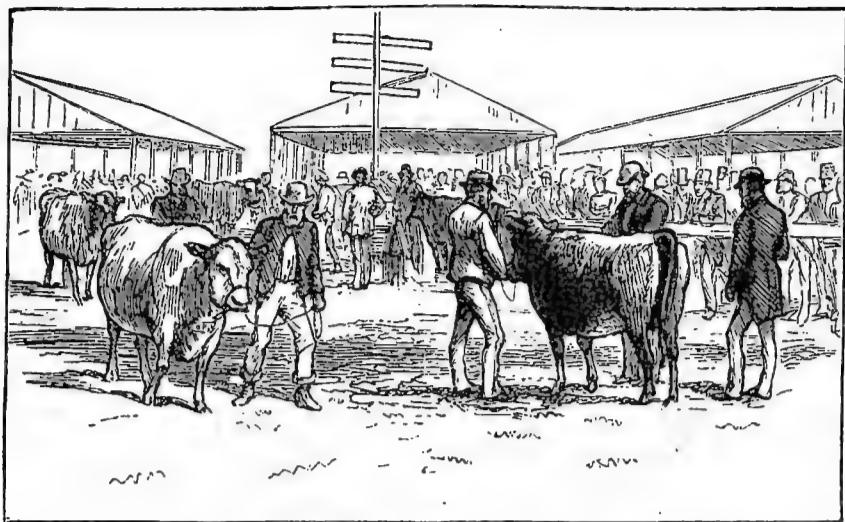
WHEAT wants more sunshine and less rain than we have had during the past ten days. Mildew is increasing, and despite the sturdiness of the straw the plant has not always been able to stand upright against the desolating hailstorms with which large areas of the country have been visited. Each ear of corn should yield, as a rule, a good number of plump grains, but the plant is thin, and the ripening will depend much upon the next fortnight's weather. The rainy character of St. Swithin's Day is an evil augury, and the electrical character of the year seems to threaten a disturbed harvest in-gathering. All circumstances being considered there is reason for rejoicing over the large stocks of wheat in granary.

CORN RESERVES have never been so heavy as at the present moment, when about 2½ million qrs. of wheat, and 1,100,000 sacks of flour, are stored in the warehouses of ten large ports, and when the reserves of other places are reckoned at about half as much again. When the new wheat harvest has been reaped, even should it prove very small, we shall still have a minimum of about 16,000,000 qrs. of wheat, or sufficient food for eight months without the purchase of a single sack of American new wheat, or of those harvests which are reaped in the Antipodes at Christmastide. The moderate prices now prevailing are, therefore, justified, despite the poor yield in America, and the doubtful prospects of England and France.

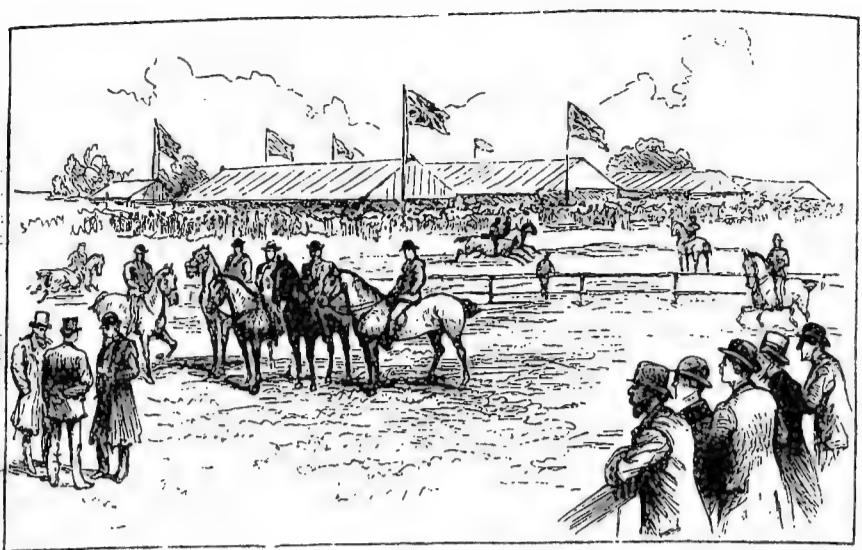
THE CROPS.—A correspondent writing from York on the 16th inst. says: "The corn is not yet ripe enough to be lodged without damage, already oats and barley may be seen down owing to recent disturbed weather. The wheat commonly is well standing and looks healthy, bearing three to four quarters per acre on the poorer lands, and another quarter on the good lands of Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Kent, and Essex. It does not now seem likely that harvest can begin anywhere in England before the early part of August; much grain will probably be only begun in a month from to-day. Of course, potatoes, root crops, and the clover fields look thick and green from the rainfall of the past fortnight. There is still much grass either cut or standing or in cocks yet to be saved."

BEANS have benefited by the heavy thunder rains of the past fortnight, and the yield should be very large. From its earliest appearance, the plant has been healthy, while the sturdy if rather short growth of straw betokens its general strength. Green fly is very rare, and does not seem to be on the increase, and the wonderful wealth of blossom has marked this season to bean growers as one not merely in a decade, but, it may be said without exaggeration, one in a cycle.

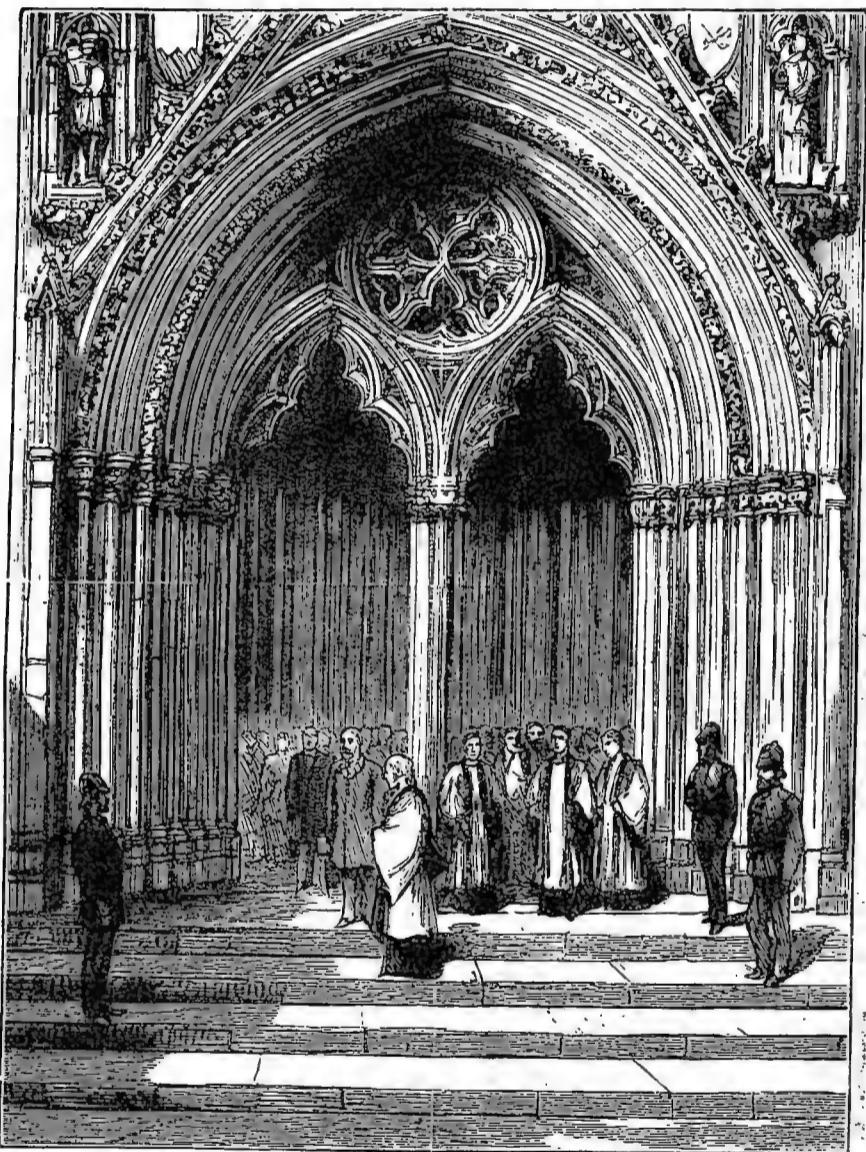
LAND, we are ever being told, differs radically from ordinary commercial commodities in that the quantity obtainable is fixed and not indefinite. Theoretically this undoubtedly is true, practically it seems to be a misleading fiction. On the other hand the quantity of land with which the present owners are willing to part is always much inferior in quantity to the whole area of the country. There is no universal desire "to sell out." On the other hand, the demand for land has never been *greatly* in excess of the supply in the market, and for some years past has been below it. The scarcity of land has never been proportionately so great as that of a purely free-trade staple, maize, only last autumn, while the glut of land has never been so great as the glut of iron not so very far back. For all practical purposes, therefore, land may be dealt with like any other free commercial commodity. On the 30th of June the area of land advertised in the *Times* was 50,000 acres against



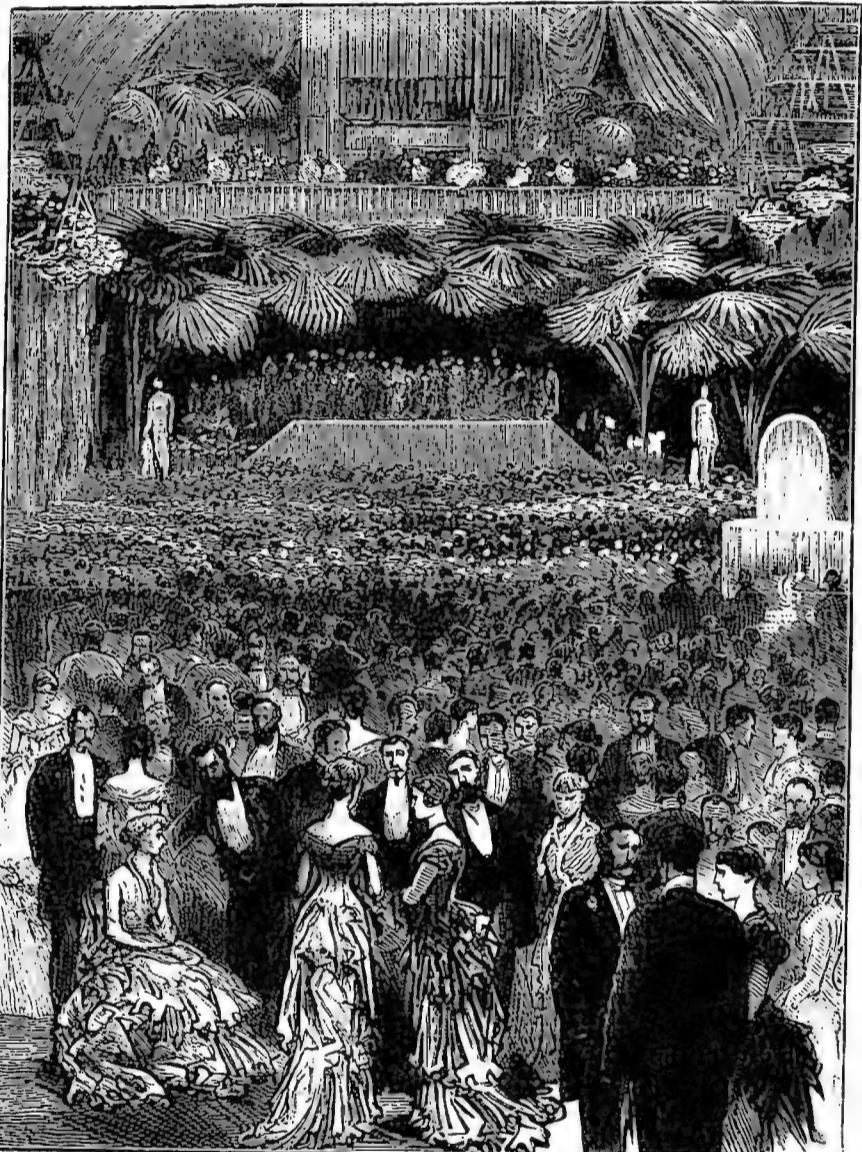
ABERDEEN CATTLE



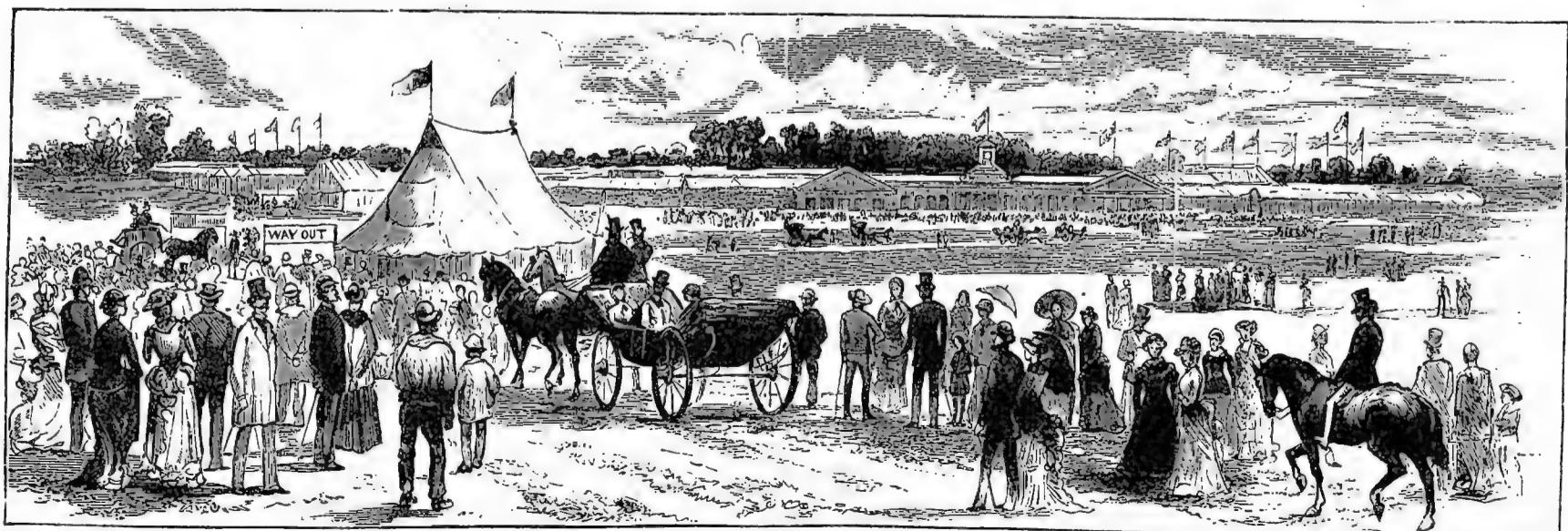
JUDGING HORSES



THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING THE MINSTER WITH THE DEAN OF YORK



SOIRÉE AT THE FINE ART INSTITUTION



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT YORK



THE REBELLION IN THE SUDAN — A BATTLE ON THE NILE BETWEEN THE REBELS AND THE FORCES OF HICKS PASHA

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE SUDAN FIELD FORCE

82,000 acres in 1882, and 56,000 acres in 1881. The "supply" of land would seem to be diminishing, as holders are becoming more confident, and therefore more firm. The improvement in agricultural prospects probably has a good deal to do with this, while the moderation and good sense of the Government's Tenants' Compensation Bill may be set off against the Ministry's obstinate refusal of that protection from imported disease which English cattle-owners have been loudly demanding for more than two years. That the area of land coming into the market is still considerable, and that there is ample room for experiments in peasant farming, may be gathered from the fact that the land sales at Tokenhouse Yard and in the Estate Exchange during the first half of the present year have exceeded 2,600,000/- in amount.

CATTLE DISEASE.—The defeat of the Government in a House where the majority of Liberals over Conservatives is still something like a hundred, shows how deeply country feeling is stirred over the unchecked importation of contagious disease. The wonder is that the Government should imagine that Mr. Chaplin's proposal is calculated to *diminish* the meat supply. The total annual consumption in this country is about 1,500,000 tons, of which about 60,000 tons, or four per cent. of the whole, would be prevented by his motion from coming as live instead of dead meat. Some shipments would probably be lost, though there is no sound reason for such being the case, but if one half of the foreign four per cent. be lost, still the Government's own statistics show that the loss through disease in England exceeds two per cent., and therefore the net balance gained on its extirpation would be in favour of meat consumers. The gain which security would be to English farmers can hardly be over-estimated. Big farmers would increase their herds without anxiety with regard to epidemic, while farmers of little capital, previously afraid to keep cattle owing to the risk of being ruined at any time by the death of their stock, would feel free to put their profits made in other branches of agriculture into cattle breeding and the meat supply.

THE HOT GARDENS continue of good promise, and the fine yield of 1855 should be approached, possibly even equalled, by that of 1883. Many of the early sorts are now out in burr, including the Early Whites and Brambergs, favourite growths of East Kent. The Prolifics are somewhat later, but are already beginning to develop burr. There seems to be very little mould and scarcely any fly. Sulphuring is carried on to some extent, but rather as a measure of precaution than necessity. The brightness of colour in the leaves is a very healthy sign, and the luxuriant growth of the lateral shoots imparts a grace to the alleys, making the gardens a sight of unique charm.

WHITEWASHING the trunks and larger limbs of fruit trees, especially apples, is a common practice in Kent and other counties. It is intended to prevent moss and other lichenous growths, to destroy insect pests, and to prevent slugs, earwigs, &c., from crawling up the trees. Unhappily it stops the pores of the bark, and inflicts more serious injury than any which slug or caterpillar could bring. It is, therefore, much to be desired that farmers should use a colourless wash in their orchards, rather than whitewash. Tobacco, lye, and soapsuds make an excellent wash, which prevents fungoid and mossy growths, keeps off insects, and protects the trees without stopping up the pores of the bark, to which outward appearance it simply imparts a by no means disagreeable gloss.

THE DAIRIES' BILL, which is likely to become law this Session, provides for the registration of all persons carrying on the trade of cowkeepers, dairymen, or milk-sellers, for the inspection of cattle in dairies, and for regulating the lighting, ventilation, and cleaning of dairies and cowsheds; for securing the cleanliness of milk shops and milk vessels, cans, and churns, and for advising precautions against infection or contamination. The Bill seems to be a very good one, and its passing should diminish the chances of contagion and infectious disease being carried from household to household by means of the milk utensils or milk itself.



THE TURF.—Racing this week calls for little remark, the meetings at Winchester, Yarmouth, and Pontefract being about of their average character. At the first named, backers of favourites met with a terrible blow in *Legacy*, on whom 5 to 2 was laid, and whom the prophets went for to a man, being beaten in the Foal Stakes. *Nauth Girl*, her conqueror, also took the Grange Stakes for Two-Year-Olds on the second day; and owners allowed the Derby winner, *St. Blaise*, to walk over for the Biennial. At Yarmouth, where the fields ruled exceptionally good, *Florence* won both the Great Yarmouth and the Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap. *Red Wolf* also scored twice in the South Denes and Mile Selling Plates. The acceptances for the once-important Goodwood Stakes are very poor, only sixteen declaring content out of an entry of thirty-six. *Palermo*, the favourite, remains in, but *Fortissimo* has cried off. *Wallenstein*, *Corrie Roy*, and *Thebais*, all at 9 st., also remain in as the top weights, and they should make a pretty race between them.—*Beau Brumnel* has been struck out of the Derby, and his unfortunate and foolish backers put out of their misery.—*Galliard* holds his place as first favourite for the great Northern race, and *Highland Chief* is firm in the market. On these two coupled with *Elzevir* they lay 5 to 4.—It is said to be probable that an additional meeting will be held "behind the Ditch" at Newmarket next season, the July meeting being brought forward about a week.—The Duchess of Montrose will renew her connection with the Turf, and race under the name of "Mr. Manton." *Alec Taylor*, of Manton, will train for her.

CRICKET.—The Eton and Harrow match on Friday and Saturday last was a very sad business, the rain, with a plentiful admixture of thunder and lightning, spoiling all enjoyment, and eventually causing the game to be abandoned. The performances of the two schools in their trial matches led to the belief that Eton had but little chance with their antagonists, but the Light Blues put together no less than 231, F. Marchant making no less than 93, and A. H. Studd, of the famous cricketing family of that ilk, 64. Harrow could only manage 120, and had consequently to submit to the indignity of a "follow on." This they did with good effect, getting 76 with the loss of only one wicket. *Greatorex* carried off the palm on the Dark Blue side, scoring 37 and 40, "not out" each time. Up to the present Harrow have won 24 matches out of 58, and Eton 25, while nine have been left unfinished.—Surrey has played a very good game against Lancashire at Old Trafford, Manchester, but eventually got beaten by three wickets. W. W. Read's 127 and Henderson's 67 in the second innings of Surrey were fine performances.—The Yorkshire and Gloucestershire match had to be abandoned through the rain.—There was plenty of excitement and enthusiasm at Sheffield during the match between Yorkshire and Lancashire, which the former won by eight wickets. The highest score in the game was *Ulyett's* 61. The defeat of Lancashire was rather unexpected, as its team was strengthened by Mr. A. G. Steel and Mr. Royle.—At Lord's, Middlesex has reversed the verdict Surrey gained in their first match a short time ago, and beaten it practically in one innings, as no wicket fell in rubbing off the runs wanted in the second. The first innings of Middlesex

amounted to 375, but Surrey's 293 was a capital performance. The "follow on," however, produced only 111. For Middlesex Ridley made the very big figure of 136, and Diver, who is not associated with big scores, made 52 for Surrey.—Kent has gained an easy victory over Sussex, owing mainly to the excellent bowling of G. Hearne and Mr. Christopher. The Kent first innings was 232, of which Lord Harris made 95; and Sussex failed to save a one innings defeat.

AQUATICS.—The Scandinavians have begun boat-racing after the English fashion, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark having recently rowed a four-oared match in craft of English build with sliding seats. The course was near Christiana, and two miles long. The Swedes of the Stockholm Rowing Club won by two lengths from the Norwegians, the Danes from Copenhagen being last. The winning crew, which showed good form it is said, had been coached for some little time by a member of the London Rowing Club. It is further said that we may see them on the Thames next season.—Mr. Löwden, the winner of the Diamonds at Henley, has rowed over the London course for the Wingfield Sculls.

BICYCLING.—F. Wood, of Leicester, has set the seal on his recent exploits by beating Howell of Wolverhampton for the Twenty Miles' Professional Championship. He did the distance in 1 h. 2 min. 40 sec., the fastest professional time on record. It was a splendid race, and Howell was only beaten by three parts of a length.

LAWN TENNIS.—The Championship, as anticipated, rested with the Brothers Renshaw, who, after a long series of games at Wimbledon, came together for the final. Mr. W. Renshaw proved himself still better than his brother, and won for the third year in succession. The Championship Cup now becomes his property. Mr. E. Renshaw has won the Gold Prize twice running.—On Tuesday last the South of England beat the North in a four-handed match.

SWIMMING.—The Half-Mile Amateur Championship has been won at the Welsh Harp by D. Ainsworth, Captain of the Serpentine Club. His time was 14 min. 23½ sec., which is the best amateur performance on record.



THE middle of July may be said to mark the summer solstice of theatrical enterprise—the commencement of the brief period during which a considerable number of theatres give up the struggle with the adverse influence of the tourist holiday season, and when those which still keep open doors exhibit as a rule manifest signs of languor. The ADELPHI, the PRINCESS's, TOOLE'S Theatre, the COURT, the GLOBE, the ST. JAMES'S are now closed, and the LYCEUM and the HAYMARKET, though still in the full tide of popularity, are preparing to follow. At the former of these two exceptionally fortunate houses Mr. Irving has been repeating his most popular impersonations—by way, as is understood, of refreshing his own memory and that of his company preparatory to the enactment of nearly the entire range of the Lyceum repertoire in the United States. Thus *The Bells*, *Hamlet*, *Charles I.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Eugene Aram*, and lastly, *The Belle's Strategem*, have been given, and always, we believe, to audiences as large as the theatre would accommodate. A still more striking example of what may be called unseasonable prosperity has been afforded by Madame Bernhardt's brief engagement at the GAIETY, which terminated with two performances in M. Sardou's *Féodal* on Saturday last, making, with *matinées*, nine repetitions of her most exhausting part in six days. Never yet has this immensely popular lady experienced more favour at the hands of English audiences than she has on this occasion. Those who are disposed to describe English audiences—and above all, audiences who can afford to pay a guinea for a stall—as cold and undemonstrative, would have found it difficult to explain the extraordinary enthusiasm of the farewell accorded to Madame Bernhardt by the audience which filled every seat and every inch of standing room at the Gaiety on Saturday evening. It is worth noting that the ladies on this occasion were considerably in excess of the gentlemen; in more than one instance we even counted as many as seventeen or eighteen in a row of twenty-four stalls. It is a fact within our own knowledge that a few stalls for this occasion which had been returned to the libraries by holders who had found themselves unable to use them, were sold for three guineas each, or just three times the price at which they had been originally purchased. That Madame Bernhardt is delighted with the reception she has met with need hardly be said. In a conversation with her on Saturday evening, she expressed to the writer of these notes her deep sense of the generosity and kindness of English audiences, and of the total absence of any token of professional jealousy towards a foreign actress under such circumstances. In countries in which that self-defeating institution, the *claque*, is in full force, ordinary spectators are, as is well known, slow to applaud or to give way to any other tokens of pleasure which might cause them to be confounded with the professional purveyors of fervent admiration. In England, at least, there is no such feeling as this, and Madame Bernhardt is fond of expatiating upon the exhilarating effects of those spontaneous outbursts of which she has been the object, and the genuineness of which the experienced professional is quick to feel.

Unfortunately a slight cold, aggravated by the wear and tear of the exciting scenes of *Féodal*, had played cruel havoc with the tones of Madame Bernhardt's beautiful voice. The intention of asking her on Saturday, which happened to be the National *file* day of the French Republic, to declaim the stanzas of *La Marseillaise*, after the precedent of her illustrious predecessor, *Rachel*, had perforce to be abandoned. Unfortunately, she had undertaken to reappear a little before midnight on the private stage of the New Club in Covent Garden, there to enact for the first time in this country the part of the blind heroine in *Scribe* and *Melesville's* (not *Malleville's* as the card programme had it) three act comedy, entitled *Valérie*. The imprudence of thus crowding the work of a fortnight into a week, and of giving on the last day three exhausting performances, was sufficiently shown by the fact that it was only by half an hour's pause, and the application of medical remedies to the throat, that the actress was enabled to fulfil her purpose. It was perhaps, after all, chiefly by "sheer force of will," that she not only accomplished this *tour de force*, but won great favour from the ladies and gentlemen, members of the Club and their friends, who had filled the by no means narrow limits of the Club Theatre at least half an hour before the rise of the curtain. *Valérie* is a play of almost infantine *naïveté* of construction, setting forth a story which is decidedly too thin and anecdotal for a three-act piece. Its main interest arises from the beautiful character of the blind girl—her simple, trustful, yet ardent nature. The famous *Mdlle. Mars*, who played this part when the comedy, or rather little drama, was produced at the Théâtre Français sixty years ago, and later *Mdlle. Judith*, won renown in this part—above all in the final scene in which the actress is called on to depict the feelings of a girl of refined nature, when suddenly restored to sight, she looks for the first time upon the features of her lover. The part, as will have been seen, stands in

the strongest possible contrast to that of the passionate, self-willed, cruel Russian heroine—terrible alike in her love and in her hate—whom Madame Bernhardt has been representing with scarcely an intermission for many months past; but it was agreeable to find her again relying upon those more tender qualities, those more touching and winning graces, which first won for her the admiration of English audiences. Distressing as was the effort, the impersonation was full of beauty, the actress's truthful delineation of the habits of the blind being not the least of its merits. The performance, however, requires to be seen under more favourable circumstances before a full appreciation of its merits can be attained; and we believe it is Madame Bernhardt's intention to include *Valérie* in her repertory on the occasion of the rather longer engagement which she has undertaken to fulfil at the Gaiety next year.

Mr. Derrick's farcical comedy called *Confusion*, which we noticed upon the occasion of its production at a morning performance some weeks since, now occupies the evening programme of the VAUDEVILLE. It is a somewhat artificial, though really very clever piece of its kind; and thanks to its ingeniously comic imbroglino and to the acting of the company, which includes Miss Larkin, Mr. Glenny, Mr. Charles Groves, Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Laura Villiers, Mr. F. Thorne, and Miss Kate Phillips, the performance provides abundant laughter.

Unfortunately, we are not able to give an equally favourable account of the piece called *A Dream; or, Binks' Photographic Gallery*, brought out at the AVENUE Theatre, and played by an American company of which Mr. Edouin and Miss Alice Atherton are the most conspicuous members. The story of this grotesque production, if story it can be said to have, is wholly subservient to the purpose of introducing these and other performers in numerous situations of which the absurdity and the bewildering bustle and excitement are unhappily hardly relieved by a single gleam of true drollery. Mr. Edouin, who is remembered by London playgoers by his amusing performance of the "Heathen Chinee" in a burlesque extravaganza produced by Miss Lydia Thompson and her company some years ago, plays in *The Dream* the part of an impecunious photographer with sufficient observation of quaint character to make one wish that the portrait were associated with a rational production.

The part of the Countess Olga in the English version of *Féodal* at the HAYMARKET, originally represented by Mrs. Bancroft, is now played by Miss Calhoun, the young American actress, who made her first appearance in this country at the Imperial Theatre last year in the characters of Rosalind and Hester Grazebrook. Miss Calhoun acts with genuine vivacity and a strong sense of character; and as she is very skilful in keeping this somewhat strongly-coloured but amusing portrait well within the bounds of comedy, her impersonation tends decidedly to confirm the favourable impression already formed of her talents. Miss Calhoun promises well to take a conspicuous place among actresses on the English stage.

Mrs. Langtry is expected home in a few days. She will appear at a *matinée* at the GAIETY, and will then go to Manchester to fulfil an engagement at the Prince's Theatre.



AFTER TWO TRIALS and numberless appeals, the House of Lords have again ordered a new trial in the case of Smitherman v. the South-Eastern Railway. Mr. Smitherman, it will be remembered, was killed at a level crossing near Maidstone in 1878, and his widow got a verdict from the company for 900/- damages. This was successfully appealed against, and in the second trial she was awarded 700/-, the Jury, however, stating that there was contributory negligence on the part of the deceased, and on this account a third trial has been ordered. Justice in this case may be done in the end, but it will be at a serious expenditure of time and money.

THE COUNTESS DE LA TORRE, of Pembroke Place, Kensington, was on Saturday summoned for creating a nuisance by keeping eighteen cats and nine dogs in her house. She said that being a Member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals she took compassion on animals abandoned by her neighbours. In spite of this plea, however, an order was made for the abatement of the nuisance, and the Countess was mulcted in 4s. costs.

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION on Tuesday an extraordinary smuggling case was investigated. The defendant, a tobacco merchant named John Rafferty, residing at Monaghan, had arranged a system by which tobacco was tightly pressed down at the bottom of casks containing flax seed, and these were sent over from Holland, and assigned to false consignees in Ireland. They were proved, however, to have come into the possession of the defendant, and more than 2,000/- worth of tobacco had been thus smuggled. The case was proved by the evidence of Peter McCullagh, an accomplice, and a verdict for the treble value was found for the Crown.

ON TUESDAY MR. EDMUND YATES personally appeared in Court to plead to the jurisdiction of the Court in regard to the criminal information for libel issued against him by Lord Lonsdale—such a plea not having been made, it is believed, for the last 100 years. He was compelled to swear an affidavit as to the truth of his plea, and hand it in in open Court. Its real object is to raise by writ of error the same question as was decided by the Court a few weeks ago, viz., as to whether the fiat of the Public Prosecutor is or is not necessary before a criminal information can be filed. The Court directed the plea to be filed.

A DREADFUL CASE OF MURDER AND SUICIDE occurred at Bedford on Tuesday. A young gentleman named Vere first shot Miss McKay, a young lady of about twenty, with whom he had just been playing lawn tennis, and then blew out his brains. Jealousy is assigned as the reason for the crime.

AT BRECONSHIRE ASSIZES, on Tuesday, John Morgan Harris, J.P. for Breconshire, and Thomas Harris, a gentleman of independent means, were indicted for maliciously wounding Jenkins Morgan, a farmer on the prisoners' estate. The prosecutor stated that he went at Christmas to the prisoners' house, where he was supplied with whisky, after which they committed a shocking outrage upon him, burned him with a red-hot poker, cut off his hair and whiskers, and blackened his face. The jury, after being absent two hours and a half, failed to agree, and were discharged, and the trial was postponed.

AT THE MAIDSTONE ASSIZES on Tuesday the Grand Jury returned a true bill for manslaughter against the Rev. Mr. Timmins, of West Malling, who, it will be remembered, by prescribing oil of almonds for a young woman, one of his parishioners, caused her death. The case was tried on Wednesday, and the jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty."

THE CALCUTTA IDOL CASE.—Last May Mr. Banerjee, editor and proprietor of a Calcutta newspaper, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for alleged contempt of court in publishing an article reflecting on the conduct of Mr. Justice Norris in the trial of a cause in the High Court of Bengal. Mr. Norris, it will be remembered, had ordered the production of a native idol for the purposes of identification. Mr. Banerjee appealed against this decision to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, but his petition has been dismissed.

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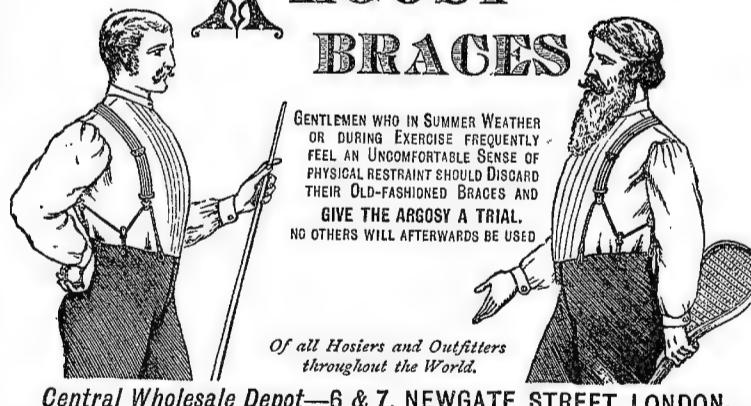
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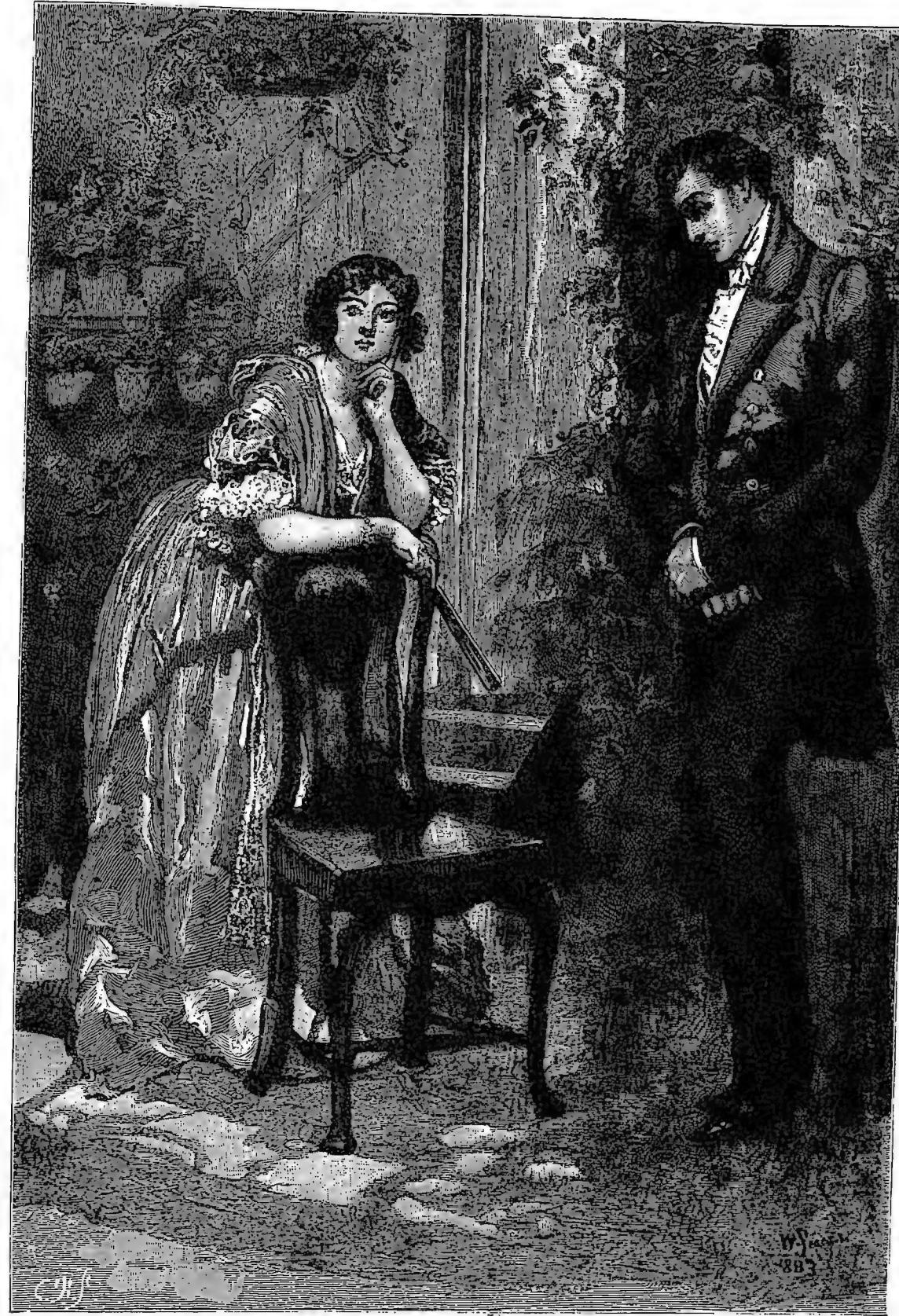
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DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

The situation was a delightful and thrilling one.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &c.

(Continued from page 56)

wouldn't have this come to Maud's ears for any money. Do you mean to say that you didn't contradict Mrs. Farquhar?"

"Oh, I contradicted her—and then she contradicted me, you know. I pointed out to her that you were not a rich man, nor even (saving your presence) a man at all as yet, and I added that, to the best of my belief, Miss Maud was perfectly innocent of any designs upon you; but in the long run it occurred to me that I might as well have held my tongue. So, after that, I did hold my tongue."

"If only she would do the same!" I sighed despondently. "But that she will never do; and it is easy to see how all this will end. Some of these days the Rector will begin to think that he has submitted to enough insults, and there will be a quarrel between us and our oldest friends. Then, I suppose, that—dear old lady will be satisfied."

"I don't think the Rector will quarrel with us," answered my uncle quietly.

The Rector, I must say, was very magnanimous. If he was hurt by Mrs. Farquhar's active and unwarrantable hostility to him in his parish—and, as he was naturally a sensitive man, I have very little doubt but that he was hurt—he allowed none of us to see it. Perhaps he knew that his strength was to sit still, and that the capricious old lady would soon tire of Ebenezer Chapel when she

found that no one tried to entice her away from it; perhaps he may have thought it beneath his dignity to dispute on theological matters with unauthorised and ignorant persons. Still, it was not the less magnanimous on his part to refrain from uttering a word of complaint, and to come up to the Hall—nearly every day, without abating anything of his customary cordiality. Mrs. Farquhar used to say of him that he was a well-meaning man, but that she greatly feared he was only a nominal Christian.

The date of my return to Oxford was fast approaching when an invitation came, asking the three of us to dine quietly at the Rectory. I had some hope that, circumstances being what they were, Mrs. Farquhar would decline this proffered hospitality for herself; but she disappointed me by merely pursuing her ordinary rule of conduct with regard to invitations. That is to say, that she began by declaring that she was much too old to go out anywhere after dark, proceeded to observe that it did not do to consult one's own convenience alone, and finally sat down to write an acceptance with an air of pious resignation. The truth, I suppose, was that she liked a little society, as was very natural; but I don't to this day understand why she should not have acknowledged as much.

The Rectory was a good-sized, solid, comfortable house, where the Rector, who appreciated comfort of a solid kind, had for many years been in the habit of giving very successful little dinners. The cooking of these dinners was plain, but excellent, the wine was of the best;

and when his guests had done justice to both, it was their worthy host's custom to lead them, either into the garden to admire his roses, of which he was justly proud, or into a spacious study, where easy chairs and a blazing fire awaited them—according as the seasons were. Nobody was ever asked to enter the drawing room, which had the forlorn aspect common to the drawing-rooms of all houses in which there are no ladies; the Rector's reception-room was his study. In it was the well-selected library which he so seldom found time to consult; in it was the enormous stuffed pike caught in Thirlby Broad, whose weight I have forgotten and will not attempt to recall, for fear of being accused of exaggeration: in it, modestly shrinking into a corner between one of the bookcases and the wall, was a small bureau, through the glass doors of which could be distinguished guns, fishing-rods, landing-nets, and eel-spears; in it distressed parishioners were wont to receive daily aid, spiritual and temporal; and in it the Rector dearly loved to collect a little knot of cronies on winter evenings, and to start them on an interminable chat over field sports. He did not hunt—indeed, it was not much of a hunting country—but in every other branch of venery, from the breaking-in of a puppy to the training of a hawk (which latter art he had practised with signal success when a young man) he was an authority to whom the neighbours far and wide deferred.

All this was before Maud's time. Her advent had naturally brought about a change both in the appearance of the house and in

the habits of those who frequented it, and her skill had effected a transformation in the Rectory drawing-room which Mrs. Farquhar either had not been able or had not cared to accomplish for ours. In those days the national taste with regard to domestic decoration had not been raised to its present exalted level; nevertheless, it was into an extremely pretty room that I followed my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar on the evening above alluded to. I don't suppose much additional money had been laid out upon it. The carpet, the sofas, and the chairs were the old familiar ones, which had probably been purchased by the late Mrs. Dennison before Maud's birth; but some people have a wonderful knack of rearrangement, and can achieve the most astonishing results with the simplest of materials to work upon. I did not then scrutinise details as one learns to do with advancing years; all I saw was that, by some magic or other, a wilderness had been turned into a garden. There were flowers everywhere; a bank of them could be seen in the dim conservatory upon which one of the windows opened. The faint scent of them filled the air. The light did not come from glaring lamps placed on a level with one's eyes like ours at home, but fell softly from wax candles in the old sconces on the wall. Maud, in a pale blue dress, the fashion of which I will not particularise, lest to the reader's unaccustomed eyes it should seem less charming than it really was, rose from the piano as we made our entrance; the Rector beamed upon us from the hearthrug, and advanced holding out both hands.

"Well, Le Marchant, this is a treat! How long is it since you last dined in my house? You don't remember, eh? Nor do I; but I know it's a good many years. Can't say you haven't been asked, though. Yes, yes, my dear fellow, I quite understand. Turning out at night is nuisance, and one grows lazy as one grows old; isn't that so, Mrs. Farquhar? We are all apt to grow lazy, all except you. You set us a grand example in that respect. To tell you the truth, I should be inclined to renounce going to dinner parties myself, if it were not for Maud. It wouldn't be fair to shut her out of all society. No party to-night, you know—only ourselves. I asked young Warren to join us, but he says he can't spare an evening, reading hard for his degree. Good fellow that—capital fellow! Charley, my friend, go and do likewise. You imitate George Warren, and we'll imitate Mrs. Farquhar, and then it'll be all right, won't it?"

The good Rector's voluble welcome had a touch of nervousness in it. Very likely he, as well as I, may have counted upon Mrs. Farquhar's refusal of the invitation sent to her, and he may have felt some anxiety as to the spirit in which she would meet his advances. She, while he was speaking, had been letting her eyes rove round the room and its adornments. Obviously she was saying to herself, "Roses in January!—and in the parish clergyman's house too! This is not as it should be—this shows sinful waste and extravagance. How many starving families might have been relieved with the money that has been lavished on rearing these useless flowers!" But she did not express her thoughts aloud. No one could be more agreeable than Mrs. Farquhar when it pleased her to be so; and such was her pleasure now. She made a brisk, sprightly little speech to the Rector in acknowledgment of his compliment to her activity; she took Maud's hand, and patted it quite affectionately, whispering, "My dear, what a lovely dress!"—and so, by-and-by, we all went in to dinner upon terms of peace and harmony.

I really believe that Mrs. Farquhar intended to be pleasant and to keep the peace that evening. I think she was indistinctly conscious that there were people who disliked contradiction, that my uncle was one of them, and that the Rector, possibly, was another; and although this might strike her as a weak and somewhat contemptible trait in a person's character, I am inclined to give her credit for a kindly willingness to make allowances for it. I know that she was putting some sort of vigorous restraint upon herself, because I saw her more than once gasp and shut up her lips tightly, instead of uttering the observation which was evidently upon the tip of her tongue.

But it was impossible that she should go on in this way very long. Her notion of conversation was discussion; and when warmth and good cheer had produced the effect upon her which they produce upon all of us, she naturally felt a wish to converse. Then she began to discuss; and my uncle, who had been unusually cheerful and chatty up to that moment, subsided into silence. The rest of us, I think, behaved pretty well. We all knew by this time that there was no sort of use in arguing with Mrs. Farquhar, and we endeavoured, by a prompt and pusillanimous surrender of our opinions, and a hasty skipping from subject to subject, to stave off the encounter for which her soul was thirsting. The worst of this system of dialogue is that it becomes bewildering after the first ten minutes or so, and is apt to lead one into introducing a dangerous topic from sheer inadvertence and lack of something to say. Thus it was that the Rector, putting his helm hard a-port to avoid the Scylla of politics, steered full into the Charybdis of cricket on Sunday afternoons (an innovation which had been introduced during the summer into an adjoining parish), and had declared this to be an excellent idea before he could stop himself.

Mrs. Farquhar threw up her hands in consternation. "Mr. Dennison," she exclaimed, "you take my breath away!"

But this was only a figure of speech: her breath served her very well for the delivery of a spirited harangue, in which the sin of desecrating the Sabbath, and the consequences entailed thereby, were set forth in the plainest terms.

"Well, well," observed the Rector, when she had done, "I know you don't take quite the same view of the matter in Scotland that we do."

"Mr. Dennison," said the old lady impressively, "do you, or do you not read the Fourth Commandment to the people every Sabbath day in church?"

"Why, of course I do," answered the Rector, turning at bay; "but the fourth commandment enjoins abstinence from work, not from play; and besides, the Sabbath is a Jewish institution, wholly distinct from our Sunday."

Mrs. Farquhar rejoined that, if we were to begin explaining away the Commandments in that fashion, it was not easy to see where we were to stop. Did Mr. Dennison consider himself at liberty to put his own interpretation upon all the precepts laid down in the Bible? And so the controversy went on for a quarter of an hour. Everybody has heard so often all that there is to be said upon this subject, and everybody is so heartily sick of it, that the details of this particular dispute need not be recorded.

Of course the Rector got the worst of it. He ended by urging feebly that it was better for young men to be playing a healthy game of cricket than fiddling themselves in the village public-hous.

"They should be doing neither the one nor the other," cried Mrs. Farquhar; "they should be in the church, listening to the Word."

"But they won't go to church in the afternoon."

"And whose fault is that? Why is it that the Scots are the most sober and God-fearing people in the world?"

"Are the Scotch a sober people?"

"They are. And why? Because the ministers do their duty; because a man who profaned the Sabbath by playing cricket upon it anywhere north of the Tweed would be—eh! I think he would be just stoned. To say that they will not go to church is nonsense. They should be made to go. Show me a godless parish, and I will show you a godless minister."

"My dear mother!" remonstrated my uncle.

"I'm speaking generally, Bernard. Mr. Dennison will understand that, I'm sure."

The Rector kept his temper. "Admitting, for the sake of argument"—he began.

"Oh," interrupted Mrs. Farquhar, with a shake of her head and a smile, "I would be sorry to admit anything for the sake of argument. I think that would be a very poor reason for making admissions."

My uncle had a little laugh at this; and the Rector continued, with some slight impatience, "Admitting that the Church of England clergy are an inefficient body, the problem remains the same. Here you have a number of young men who won't consent to spend the greater part of their one weekly holiday in church; how are you to keep them from spending it in the alehouse?"

"Not by leading them out of one sin into another," answered Mrs. Farquhar decisively. "The minister's duty is to uphold his testimony. If they will not hear him, he is not to blame; and he has no authority to interfere with a sinner's liberty of choice. Let him uphold his testimony! I do not think, Mr. Dennison," she added quietly, "that you have given that plan a trial as yet."

"Are you not a little bit illogical, mother?" struck in my uncle, perceiving that the speaker was no longer dealing with generalities, and deeming it time to effect a diversion. "You said just now that the sinners ought to be coerced."

"Nay, my dear Bernard," answered Mrs. Farquhar in accents of gentle reproof, "I think it is you who are illogical."

Heaven only knows what she meant; but such retorts were common with her, and were most effective. What rejoinder could be made to a woman who turned upon you with so exasperatingly senseless a speech as that? My uncle and the Rector exchanged expressive glances, and said no more. Mrs. Farquhar looked smilingly round the table, as if to challenge further opposition, and, obtaining no response, enjoyed her legitimate triumph.

We did not sit long over our wine after the ladies left us; nor was our intercourse of that free and cheerful kind which should have been a natural result of the occasion. I think that my uncle wanted to apologise for Mrs. Farquhar's rudeness, and that the Rector wished to say it was a matter of no importance at all; but it was not exactly easy for either of them to put his thoughts into words; and so the Rector's Madeira hardly received its just meed of attention.

When we entered the drawing-room, I left the old people to themselves—for it seemed to me that too much time had been frittered away in listening to their disputes—and made straight for the corner where Maud was sitting, with a look of patient resignation upon her face.

"Come into the conservatory," I said boldly; "I want to see that new flower." I made this demand upon the sound old principle that it is always well to ask for more than you expect to get. There is something in the very name of a conservatory which suggests flirtation, and I thought that an immediate move thither was just the sort of thing that would be certain to strike Maud as ridiculous. So that it was something of a surprise to me to see her rise at once and step out through the open window, without a word.

I followed her into the dusk and fragrance beyond, not without a momentary uncomfortable consciousness of the smile which was probably stealing over the features of the three mature observers behind my back, and she passed on, till she reached the glass door which opened on to the lawn. Here she took up her station, resting her elbows upon the back of a wooden chair, and gazing out at the pale moonlight of a misty winter night. The situation was a delightful and thrilling one, and if I could only have found language in which to clothe the thoughts that were struggling for utterance within me, I should certainly have astonished my companion very much. But I was young and inexperienced, and didn't know how to begin; so I held my peace.

By-and-by she turned round, as if she had only just remembered my presence, and asked: "Was it the auriculas that you wanted to see?"

"No," I answered; "it wasn't the auriculas."

"Nor the hydrangeas?"

"No."

"Nor the unique pelargonium which we wouldn't sell for its weight in gold?"

"Well, no; I think not."

"Ah," she said gravely, "that is just as well; because none of these flowers happen to be in bloom, as you might have known. If it is not an impudent question, what did you want to see?"

"I wanted to see the most beautiful flower that the Rectory ever possessed, or ever will possess," I replied audaciously. "I wanted to see you."

"Oh," said Maud, who did not appear to be either flattered or flattered by this direct and original compliment. "I think," she added consideringly, after a minute or two—"I think, if I were you, Charley, I wouldn't try to say pretty things. At least, I would put off all attempts of the kind for several years. Thank you very much, all the same; I know you meant it well; but between ourselves—it did sound rather idiotic."

"And if I were you," I retorted warmly, "I wouldn't try to say sharp things. You only succeed in being ill-natured."

She drew herself up, and looked decidedly offended—which was a salve to my wounded feelings. "I do not like to be called ill-natured," said she.

"Neither do I like to be called idiotic," I remarked.

"But I did not call you so. I said you had made a speech which sounded idiotic; and so it did. Besides, I only told you as a friend, and for your own good. If I had not, you might have gone and said the same thing to somebody else, who would have laughed at you in her sleeve, without making any kind allowances, as I do."

"I should never have said the same thing to any one else in the world," I declared.

"Perhaps, after all, somebody else would have been pleased. Some day or other somebody else is sure to be pleased when you say idiotic things to her; only you ought to have more sense of appropriateness. No sane person would ever think of telling his sister that she was like a flower; and I want you to look upon me as a sort of sister—an elder sister."

"Now, I do wonder," I exclaimed, "whether you speak like that just in order to enrage me, or whether you really mean it!"

"Why should it enrage you?" asked Maud, with an air of the most innocent surprise. "Would you not like to have a sister?—or is it that you still object to my calling myself older than you? I can't help that, if you will persist in having such boyish ways. Only boys get angry at being told they are young."

This was too much! If in truth she regarded me in the light of a boy and a brother, what had she meant by looking at me as she had done after I pulled her out of the water? I turned away in deep dudgeon. "Had we not better go back to the drawing-room?" I asked, with dignity.

But she burst out laughing. "How easy it is to send you off into a huff!" she exclaimed. "Please forgive me for this once, and I will try not to give offence again. No; we won't go back to the drawing-room yet, unless you are in a particular hurry. Do you know why I came out here?"

"Not to please me, evidently," I answered.

"No, not to please you; only to get you out of the way. I knew they wanted to talk about you, those three, and I suppose they are talking about you at this moment?"

"How do you know they are talking about me?" I asked.

"My father let it out—you know how he lets everything out. It seems that Mrs. Farquhar has been consulting him lately upon the subject of the great mystery and what ought to be done about it. As

far as I can make out, he and she don't agree; but then they both disagree with your uncle; and so you were invited to dinner tonight in order that they might make a combined attack upon him."

"I don't know what this precious mystery may be, and I don't care," I said; "but if it concerns my uncle and me, I wish they would let us settle it between us. We have got on pretty well hitherto without help."

"Yes; but Mr. Le Marchant is a person who listens to advice."

"He hardly ever takes it though," I cried, eager to clear my uncle from an imputation which it appeared to me had been uttered with a certain spice of contempt.

Maud made no rejoinder. She had shifted her attitude a little, and was now leaning against the woodwork which supported the tiers of flower pots, with her elbow resting upon one of the steps and her hand under her chin. The pale moonlight fell upon her face, which wore a serious look. "How I should have hated to live in the days when there were no railways or telegraphs, and no post to speak of!" she exclaimed at last, quite irrelevantly.

I said the world under those conditions would not have suited me very well either, and asked what had put the thought of that benighted era into her head.

"I was only thinking," she answered, "that it is not quite so bad to part with one's friends nowadays as it would have been then. Of course you will change a great deal, that can't be helped. Still, I suppose you will come down to the old place from time to time, and see us all jogging on in the old way till some of us jog off altogether. You won't lose sight of us and forget all about us. Fifty years ago a young man went out into the world, and there was an end of him. When he came back his friends had to make acquaintance with him all over again, and there must have been a good deal of mutual disappointment."

"I don't know exactly what you mean by going out into the world," I said. "I am not going to do that, that I know of."

"Oh," she said, quietly, "I think you will go. I think you may make up your mind to that."

"Of course," I agreed, "I shall go into some profession, but it won't take me any farther away than London most likely, and I shall be down here so often that perhaps you may not be disappointed in me. The process of deterioration will be so gradual that I hope you won't notice it."

"Yes; that is a cheering thought," replied Maud, gravely. "Also it is just possible that you may not deteriorate. But it does not do to count upon the future." She added abruptly, turning her eyes full upon me, "I hope you don't count upon things too much."

I was greatly taken aback, and my heart died within me, for it seemed to me that her words could have but one meaning. I stammered out some incoherent reply, and she continued earnestly—

"Don't count upon anything until it is yours; that is so much the best way. All kinds of things may happen. General Le Marchant may marry, and have children, for instance; which would make it rather difficult for you uncle to leave Thirlby away from him. And after all, I suppose there is some truth in what people say, that it is a much finer thing to earn one's fortune than to inherit it."

"Oh, Thirlby!" I said, greatly relieved. "If that is all, there was no need to caution me against over-confidence. I know well enough that I have no claim upon the property, and I have never looked forward to inheriting it. The fact is, that I couldn't look forward to anything that involved the dear old man's death. You don't understand, of course!"

"Oh yes, I do," she interrupted.

"Well, you don't know him as I do, and it would be impossible for you to understand how I feel towards him. He has been a great deal more than a father to me; he has been all and everything until—until lately."

"Until Mrs. Farquhar came, you mean?"

That was not exactly what I had meant, but I had not the courage to be more explicit; and Maud went on:—

"I was wrong about Mrs. Farquhar and you were right, I admit. I would give anything now to get her out of the place; but she won't go, and probably I shall suffer from her more than you will, if that is any comfort to you. I am very glad to hear that you do not take it for granted that you will be Squire of Thirlby one day. Perhaps you will be; but I fancy that there is a doubt about it, and it is best to be prepared for disappointments. Now tell me, what are you going to be?—soldier, sailor, tinker or tailor?"

This question led us into a protracted and very interesting conversation, during which I quite recovered my temper and spirits, and which ended by my companion's presenting me with a flower, to keep me in countenance, as she said, on my reappearance before the company, and to give me a plausible air of having been engaged in botanical research.

The company, however, when we returned to it asked no questions, and were apparently not disposed to be censorious. The company wore a slightly flushed and jaded aspect, as after a long disputation. Two-thirds of it were still eager and aggressive, while the minority showed signs of exhaustion; albeit a meek determination to hold his own was legible upon his countenance. Evidently the combined attack had taken place; and it also seemed that the allies had fallen out during the progress of operations, as allies will do; for, when we stepped into the room, Mrs. Farquhar, whose back was towards us, was saying, in a high emphatic voice, "Well, Mr. Dennison, I must differ from you altogether, and it is my opinion that you are advising Bernard wrong as well as foolishly."

"My dear madam," the Rector was beginning with some warmth, "I might apply those very same terms to yourself, only that I dislike to be rude"—But here he caught sight of us, and pulled himself up with—"Well, well, there's enough said. What is the night like, Charley? More rain coming, do you think?"

"It is twenty minutes to eleven," my uncle observed, getting up and looking at his watch. "The carriage must have been at the door for the last half-hour at least. John will be seriously displeased if he and the horses are kept waiting much longer, and when John is displeased both he and his horses are generally taken ill, and are unfit for service for periods varying from a fortnight to three weeks."

The Rector begged us not to think of moving yet awhile—in those days, and in that part of the country, one's entertainers always made a point of protesting against one's departure. I don't know whether they do it still. But we put on our coats and wraps in spite of these friendly entreaties, and we were soon rumbling away in the heavy old green coach which had belonged to my uncle's father, and very likely to his grandfather too.

The first part of our short drive was accomplished in silence; but although the darkness prevented me from distinguishing the features of my opposite neighbours, I felt instinctively that Mrs. Farquhar was in a state of ferment; and before we were half way across the park, she burst out with: "A wilful man must have his way, and the consequences will be upon his own head; but I would like just to warn Charley!"

"Excuse me, mother," interrupted my uncle; "but I would rather not re-open the subject just now."

"I'm not re-opening the subject, Bernard; only I think that there should be an end of secrecy. The truth must be told some day; and better now than later."

"We will say no more about it for the present, if you please," answered my uncle.

His voice had an authoritative inflection which was very unusual with him.

Mrs. Farquhar, I suppose, was overawed; for she said no more, and, as soon as we reached the house, went upstairs, after bidding us good night quite meekly.

I was about to follow her example; but my uncle took me by the arm. "Come into the library, Charley," said he; "we have got to go through a disagreeable half-hour, you and I. As my mother says—better now than later."

I glanced curiously at his face, which was pale and very grave, and I noticed that there was a drawn look about the corners of his mouth, as though he were in pain. "My dear old man," I said, "don't tell me anything, if you would rather not."

He looked back at me, smiling. "I fear we can't shirk it any longer," he answered. "If I don't tell you, somebody else will; and after all, these things generally hurt more in the anticipation than in the reality. I shall be glad to have spoken, when it is over and done with."

So I gave the arm which he had passed through mine a squeeze, and in that fashion we entered the library, where the fire was burning brightly, and my uncle's arm-chair and slippers were waiting for him.

(To be continued.)

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A TRUE note of song is sounded from the Antipodes in "Australian Lyrics," by Douglas B. W. Sladen (George Robertson: Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide). The pieces have all, it seems, appeared in the columns of the colonial press, and we can only say that any editor was lucky who could secure such a contributor of verse. The best thing in the volume—which, by the bye, is of a most uncomfortable shape—is, undoubtedly, "The Squire's Brother," a tale of true love told in ringing measure; but there is much more that will delight the lover of genuine poetry. "Mrs. Watson" is an excellent tribute to the memory of a brave, good woman, and "Solomon's Prayer" is terse and effective. Altogether Mr. Sladen's muse is one worthy of being cultivated.

Some of the contents are specially labelled as "Juvenile Poems" in "The Grave of Love, and Other Poems," by Alexander Dewar (Elliot Stock), and in the interests of Art we can only hope that the distinguishing epithet should rightly be applied to all. The author affects octosyllabics, with the usual result, and has yet to learn the difference between sublimity and bombast, e.g., imagine a woman's voice being called "the vehicle of her response!" Or such a

passage as this:

Some giant o' the fin breaks with a hissing rave

The passive water's crest, sinking his strength to save,

which seems to mean that a big fish jumped out of the water. Where Mr. Dewar is less ambitious, as in "A Reflection," he shows to greater advantage, but nowhere as a poet, except by courtesy.

It must still remain an open question how far the archaic forms of French poetry can successfully be adapted to the requirements of the English language. If any man living could have solved the difficulty it would have been Mr. Swinburne; but after reading his latest work, "A Century of Roundels" (Chatto and Windus), one lays down the volume with the feeling that, sweet and graceful as are many of the verses, the collection as a whole is little more than a supremely clever *tour de force*, interesting enough in its way, but in no way fittingly representing the poet. Amongst the best are "Birth and Death," and the stanzas addressed to a dead friend, but there is rather a morbid tone about the whole which leaves a depressing effect behind.

"Cribblings from the Poets: or Much Chaff and Little, Grain (Brain)" (Cambridge: Jones and Piggott), is the title of a little collection of sufficiently humorous parodies of well-known poems, so modestly put forward that criticism would be disarmed even had the verses less intrinsic merit. However, it is possible to give some of them honest praise; the satires on Cowper and Southey are really clever.

The author of "Twelve Wonderful Tales," W. Knox Wigram (Bentley), has done well to reproduce this series of amusing fantasies, which will be new to most readers of the present day. The verse has much of the spirit and wit of Ingoldsby, without the occasional levity in dealing with serious things which sometimes jars upon one in the famous "Legends." One of the best is the wild prose romance, "Brindelbun Doom," but equally amusing are "The Flying Horse" and "Ermengarde," and the song of "The Little Bear" is an excellent bit of harmless satire. This is just the book for an idle or languid hour.

We fail to see the motive for such a book as "College Days: Recorded in Blank Verse" (T. Fisher Unwin). The verse is very blank indeed—not to say prosaic; the contents are dull, and not without a suspicion, in places, of vulgarity; and the production may, perhaps, be pardoned as the work of a youthful writer. But in outward appearance it is a perfect gem.

The first thing that strikes one concerning "Lyre and Star: Poems," by the author of "Ginevra" (Kegan Paul), is that there is a great deal of it. Next it occurs to the patient critic that the writer has hazy ideas on the subject of rhyme, since he believes "silver" to be a fitting equivalent to "quiver," and in several places substitutes mere orthographical identity for real resonance. But there are a few very good poems amidst the collection, e.g., "Too Late," "Worst Sin of All," and "The Serpent's Hiss"—though this last savours a little of breaking butterflies on the wheel.

A volume of unusually good poetry is "A Story of Three Years, and Other Poems," by J. Williams (Kegan Paul). Mr. Williams seems to us to have a distinct touch of the "divine afflatus," and the sonnets, of which the chief piece consists, are something more than merely scholarly,—witness those at pages 5, 11, 21, and 32, especially the last. The humorous pieces, too, such as "My Garden Party," have genuine and spontaneous humour, and amongst the dramatic monologues we must single out "Boniface VIII." for particular commendation, not only on account of its fire and pathos, but of its remarkably clever Latin verse. Why the author need be so hard on us poor fellows whose lot it is to criticise bad and good alike, it is hard to understand; we might paraphrase Shylock's protest, and must at least assure Mr. Williams that we do not "thank Heaven" that we needed not to read his book.

There is a good demand for such books as "Poems and Ballads for Penny Readings," by "Agra" (Wyman and Sons), and many amateur reciters will be glad to be told of the collection, whether for its original or translated verse. Most of the latter is from Uhland and other well-known poets, and amongst the former may be noted, as likely to prove effective on the platform, "Tel-el-Kebir" and "A Legend of the Alps."

"The Great Anti-Crinoline League," by W. Lescribleur (Wyman and Sons), is a not particularly brilliant satire, whose nature is explained by its title. The verse is tolerable, but the subject was hardly worthy of so much notice.

Even were the voice not hushed in the presence of death, we should have rejoiced in speaking of "Under the Pipal," by "F. T. D." (Roworth). It is a *secret de Polichinelle* that the author was Mr. F. T. Dowding, a man as universally admired as he was loved by all old boating men and scholars, but who, alas! was lost to us too soon. There is no saying what he might not have done as a poet, and the loving care which has preserved for the world such verses as "The Old Anglo-Indian," "Requiescat," "Love's Garden,"—originally published in our own columns, or, the manly, breezy "Oarsman's Song," could not have been better expended. It is a fitting tribute to the memory of one who will not soon be forgotten in Oxford.

Much to praise and little to blame meets us in "Hesperas: Rhythm and Rhyme," by E. M. Edmonds (Kegan Paul). The author is one of those writers who could, we fancy, enrich our stock of modern ballads if he chose to try—which is no small thing to say. "Our Elsie" and "The Foundering of the Cyprian" are as powerful as they are pitiful. "The Three Voices" is weird and effective; and best of all is "The Snapped String." For the sonnets we do not greatly care; Mr. Edmonds's strong point lies in his lyrics pure and simple.

There is but little to say about "Six by Four: a Technical Tale of Tone," by A. Neutral-Tint (Tinsley Brothers). It is a doggerel relation of how an incompetent artist painted under difficulties, but it is not amusing, and the author thinks that "Boreas" rhymes with "ideas!"

Herrick's influence may be largely, and not unpleasantly, traced in "Autumn Swallows: A Book of Lyrics," by Ellice Hopkins (Macmillan), especially is this the case in the quaint series of rhyming apophthegms, entitled "Gnomidia." The best thing in the book is a charming pastoral, called "Bormus," lines of which are liable to hang in the memory.

We have also the ninth volume of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.'s Parchment Library Edition of Shakespeare, containing *Romeo and Juliet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Julius Caesar*. We wonder whether the enterprising publishers will give us *Edward III.* and *Two Noble Kinsmen*.



A CHARMING "Chapter of Autobiography," by Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews—elicited by some slight inaccuracies in Mr. Richards's "Gladstone's Oxford Days"—will be to many the most attractive feature in an excellent *Fortnightly*. Full of anecdote, with just the faintest flavour of garrulity, it not only tells us of Gladstone and of Manning, and other famous pupil-friends of the good Bishop between 1831 and 1833, but takes us, too, to the river and the cricket field, where the name of Wordsworth was as well known as in the Theatre and the Schools. A *mot* illustrating the elder Gladstone's "remarkable insight" into the character of the future Premier may be quoted. "He is a young man of very great ability," said the staunch old Tory, when congratulated on his son's prospects of Parliamentary success, "but he has no stability."—Mr. Laurence Oliphant gives a picturesque description of a visit to some recently-discovered "Cave Tombs in Galilee" among the wooded hills on the road from Nazareth to Carmel, and close to Sephurie, the ancient Sephoris, where a new "Holy Place" is growing up, under the management of the Franciscans, around a house said to have been the scene of the Annunciation. Although no great "finds" have yet been made, the whole district is well worthy of exploration. Two able papers—somewhat "cavie to the general"—about Egypt and the Canal, and one by Captain Galton on "The Army Hospital Service," casting the blame of recent shortcomings on the abolition of "The Purveying Department," established by Lord Herbert, are well worth reading. Of Lord Lytton's highly interesting account ("The Stage in Relation to Literature,") of the way in which his father worked up Richelieu in conjunction with Macready, we have only as yet the first portion.

To the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Seymour Keay contributes a depressing article on "The Spoliation of India." The country we are told is drained to starvation point by ruthless and demoralising taxation. Even recent reductions in the salt tax have been counter-balanced by new clauses which compel the Native States to close or make over to us their internal sources of supply, thus bringing 40,000,000 more within the area of "British Monopoly." But can our Government be cheaper, and still exist?—Under the title of "Where Shall I Send My Son," Major-General Feilding compares the various colonies as a field for young Englishmen of the upper classes. Our Australasian settlements, except perhaps Victoria, seem to him more eligible than Canada, if only because there will be less "running home for a three months' holiday." The settler must not think of this until he is fairly on the road to fortune.—Mr. A. M. Sullivan deserves a hearing when he asks: "Why send more Irish out of Ireland?" "Cleared farms," except in the central grass districts, simply relapse for want of labour into "waste," and are lost alike to pasture and to tillage; and thus it is that, with the diminution of the cottier class, not only has the acreage under crops diminished even in good years but the amount of live stock has diminished too. As a remedy for disaffection, clearances are worse than useless. Ireland was never more rebellious than when the population was below two millions.

Political articles make the strength of the new *National*: biographies and contemporary records—the latter on an unusually extensive scale—the leading feature of the *Contemporary*. In the latter, besides a first paper by Mr. Froude on Luther, based on Von Köstlin's new and excellent life of the Reformer, and Professor Tyndall's well-written memoir of "Count Rumford," is another of M. Monod's valuable surveys of "Contemporary Life and Thought in France." A firm believer in M. Ferry as the man of the hour, M. Monod blames the President's indecision in the matter of Prince Napoleon—the cause of many subsequent difficulties—though he fears nothing from Monarchical or Imperial intrigues; the paper was written before the alarming illness of the Count de Chambord. The most "vexatious" matter in domestic politics at present is the gulf which the religious question has opened between believing Catholics and the Republic. The jealousy with which England "watches the timid efforts of France to extend her colonial activity" is a dark spot on the diplomatic horizon, for which M. Monod clearly holds us blameworthy. The large space given to "Contemporary Records and Literary Notices" seems hazardous, though the reviewers are all writers of some note.

The *North American* has been a little dull of late, though always to be trusted for some good article on social or political questions in America. To the present number General Sheridan contributes in his "Last Days of the Rebellion" some interesting particulars of the interview between Grant and Lee, when the Confederate Army, starving and out-numbered, were compelled to surrender at Appomattox Court House. Grant came to the meeting in his old soiled uniform; Lee had put on a new grey uniform for the occasion. The expression in his face was "of relief from a heavy burden."

In the *Century* also are two good papers on events connected with the Secession War—the first a vivid picture by General Stone of "Washington on the Eve of the War," when no one could answer for a single day for the loyalty of his neighbour; the second, some "Recollections of the John Brown Raid" (by a "Virginian who witnessed the fight"), to accompany a striking portrait of the grim old abolitionist, whose enterprise was the outcome, we are told, of five-and-twenty years of slowly-matured plans.—"Uncle Remus" gives us a few more of the ever-amusing adventures of "Brer Rabbit," and Mrs. Withington four "Early Letters of Emerson," written just sixty years ago to an old Harvard class-mate then studying at Andover.

"Oxford in Winter" furnishes Mrs. Preston with pleasant musings for the *Atlantic Monthly*, though the subject is not the actual city, buried in the winter sleep of the January vacation, but the ghosts of poets that haunt its grey old Colleges, from Lovelace and Addison to Landor, Clough, and Keble; and Mr. Grant White has a

humorous tale of a clever personation of the "American cousin" of English imagination, played off upon the unsuspecting owners of a great country house by a gentleman whose cart bore the name of "the Hon. Washington J. Adams, of New York."

In *Harper* is a pretty song by Robert Browning—one, too, which needs no racking of the brains to understand. "Wong Chin Foo" tells in "Political Advancement in China" a curious story of a poor candidate for the highest honours in the great decennial examination—a man so poor that he could neither stay at Pekin till the Class List came out, nor pay his way back to his native province, and was found at last in a prison, to which he had been committed as a suspicious vagrant. He also tells us (which we did certainly not know) that the Chung Yuen, or winner of the supreme degree, besides becoming *ipso facto* an Imperial Councillor, can draw a cheque upon the Emperor for any sum not exceeding a million ounces of silver.—"Rambles About Hampstead" give some pretty views of the familiar heath; and there is an able article by J. H. Ingram on the boy-poet, "Chatterton and his Associates."

Two illustrated magazines, which we have never seen before, reach us this month from Boston and New York—*The Manhattan* and *Wide Awake*, the latter a periodical for young folk of slightly riper years than the average readers of *St. Nicholas*. The illustrations—etchings in the popular American style, which gives somewhat the effect of a fine pencil drawing—are a leading feature in both. But the letter-press also is extremely good, for instance, the Indian legends in *Wide Awake*, and the "History of Princeton College" in *Manhattan*.

Among English magazines the event of the month is the appearance of the *Cornhill*, with only the familiar cover to recall its past, among the sixpenny periodicals. To lovers of the old *Cornhill*, the magazine which, for well-nigh a quarter of a century, held the premier place among the shilling monthlies of which it was the first-born, the change is simply desolating. In lieu of the essays, critical or descriptive, of which one instinctively made a mental note—of the fiction equally refined and vigorous, of which each month had its just proportion, we get now the *toujours perdrix* of novels and novelettes; a passable serial, three fair "completed tales"—one only with any pretence to distinction, and a host of cleverish illustrations, out of which a friendly critic has selected for especial praise "an excellent view of the backs of a German Brass Band." Publishers doubtless are wise in their generation, and the new series may reach "an unknown public" which was not reached by Thackeray and Leslie Stephen. But we cannot pretend to bid it welcome.

Longman's for July is decidedly a good number. Mr. Payn's clever serial, "Thicker than Water," is well backed up by the first chapters of a new story, by Bret Harte, "In the Carquinez Woods," told so far with all the author's olden *verve*, though with less than we could wish of the old healthy freshness.—Mr. R. L. Stevenson has a graphic sketch of a journey "Across the Plains" of the Far West, as a poor passenger in an emigrant train, hustled about by conductors, waiters, news-boys, &c., not from brutality, but from a sense of official greatness, and a fear, perhaps, that the least unbending would let loose a flood of questionings which would make the said official's life a burden to him; and Thomas Hardy discourses in his own genial way on "The Dorsetshire Labourer" and the varied interests which underlie and beautify his seemingly un-idea'd and monotonous existence.

Time—also now among the sixpennies—has little noteworthy beyond a good, but rather dry, paper about "Burmah," and an odd story, which some will call comical and others stupid—"A Night's Terror in the Connemara Mountains."

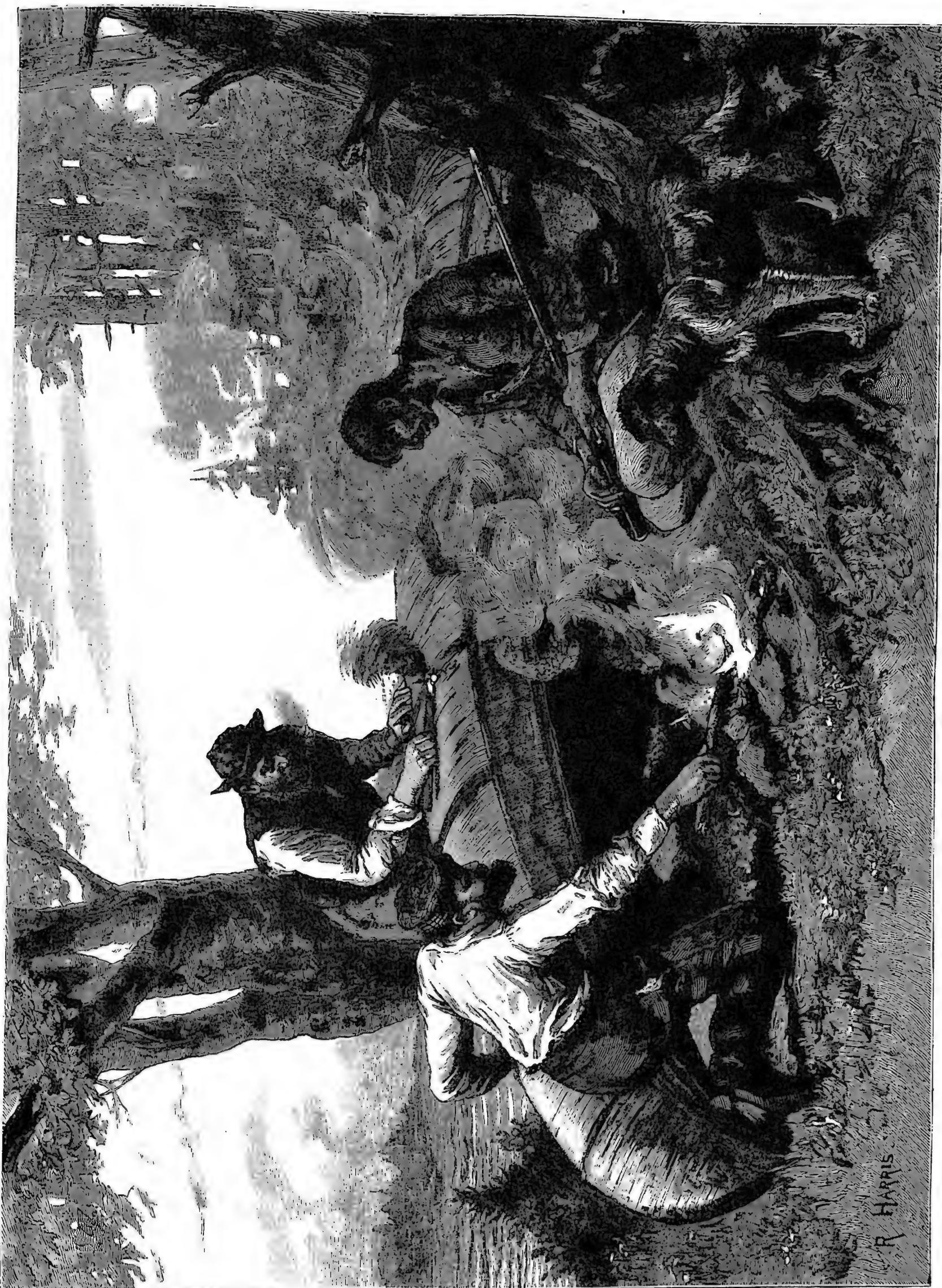
Mr. F. Pollock's "Forms and History of the Sword," a reprint for *Macmillan* of his Royal Institution Lecture, is a paper the elder Dumas would have joyed to read. We only regret that there is not a page or two on the modern fencing-schools of France and Italy.—Mr. Fawcett shows in his "State Socialism" that a member of the present Ministry may still be a sound political economist; and Mr. Hawthorne resumes his "Fortune's Fool" after a somewhat perilous delay in days when things are so easily forgotten.—*Blackwood*, besides its keen political essays—the best critique of our "Army Reformers," has some good notes on "The Rinaldo of Torquato Tasso," an epic written by the poet while "yet a student at Padua," and now we should think unknown by name to ninety-nine of every hundred readers.—In *Temple Bar* "The Empress Eugenie's Flight to England" is told from the unimpeachable "log of the *Gazelle*," the yacht in which Sir J. M. Burgoyne steered the Imperial fugitive from Deauville to Ryde in the teeth of wild September squalls. How Deauville was reached, Dr. Evans has informed us; though there is still some mystery about the alleged attempt to escape in the first instance by way of Belgium.—*Belgravia*, the *Gentleman's*, the *Army and Navy* are all good; in the last is a seasonable paper on "The Naval Strength of China."—In *Merry England* the "Story of a Picture" is illustrated by "Ink-Photos" after drawings in Sir F. Leighton's sketch-book.

The smaller magazines, perhaps because they come out in weekly parts, are as usual, too scrappy. It is provoking when a paper ends just as the reader begins to think it promising. The one exception, *All the Year Round*, has this month a rather clever tale, if the dialogue were not too much like the acting version of a play, entitled "Time Bargains," or what may happen when marriages are dissoluble by mutual consent; and a good picture ("The Soldier at Home") of the prospects of a steady lad, who enters the army with a view of making it a profession.—In *Cassell's* we have a somewhat ghastly paper on "Cuttle-fish as a Dainty Dish;" and another, on "Irish Lace," by E. Clarke. The writer thinks the "crochet guipure" of Ulster the most capable of profitable development, as being at once tasteful and substantial, and within the reach of persons of moderate means.—To *Good Words* the Editor contributes some pleasant memories of Italian travel, when people really saw the country, journeying from point to point with joyous *virtu*—*riti*.—*The Sunday Magazine*, with some anecdotes of the late Lord Lawrence, *Chambers*, the *Sanitary Record*, *Forestry*, are all average numbers.—The *Quiver* concludes its interesting notice of "Some Quaint Inscriptions on Old Houses"—more common in Scotland than in England, and on the Continent than in either, but still not infrequent even in Southern Britain. There is a very curious one, for instance, on a doorway in the Quad of Jesus College, Oxford.—In the *Leisure Hour* are some good notes on "Willesden Parish Church," and a short paper on the aye-aye, a little animal akin to the lemur, but only found as a distinct species in Madagascar.

Cassell's Magazine of Art for July has a shade less of Art and more of the magazine than usual. A fine engraving of Struys' picture of "A Royal Martyr" (Christian II. of Sweden), and another of Mr. Winslow Ford's statue of "Irving as Hamlet," should both be noticed.—Mr. Austin Dobson contributes an opportune description of "The Taunton Bust of Fielding," just completed by Miss Margaret Thomas for the Shire Hall (where it is to be unveiled this month by the American Minister) after the only existing likeness of the novelist, the sketch which Hogarth produced from memory after Fielding's death.

In the *Art Journal* we have a too brief account of "Russian Orsayrerie," with engravings of gifts offered to the Czar and Czarina at their coronation; and a pleasing etching by F. Slocombe, "Winter Fuel"—a wood-cutter near a heap of felled logs in the foreground, and behind him clumps of leafless trees standing out against a clear wintry sky.—In *Art and Letters*, some pretty "interiors" from "Mont St. Michel" and a notice of Carpeaux, the sculptor of the dancing group on the *façade* of the new opera House at Paris.





GUMMING THE OLD CANOE: A SKETCH IN THE CANADIAN BACK WOODS



WHATEVER may be the case with poets, the "Life of Sir W. E. Logan" (Sampson Low) shows that a good deal may be done in the way of making a geologist. That the faculty was there is proved by Logan's winning the highest mathematical prize, "with the goodwill of all the competitors," during his one term at the Edinburgh University, and by the geometrical correspondence which he and a college friend kept up after he had gone to London. But had not Mr. Hart Logan, Canada merchant in Finsbury, and afterwards M.P. for Sufiolk, wanted help in his business, and had he not by and by speculated largely in Welsh copper smelting, the faculty might have remained latent, and the *Eozoon Canadense* and the *Proterozoites* might have had to wait for a discoverer. Logan had been eleven years with his uncle in London when, in 1828, he went to Swansea to see what could be made out of "one-furnace slag." He was now in a geological atmosphere; and, receptive as he always had been, he soon got saturated with it. The origin of coal he took up as his specialty, making such careful maps and sections that De la Beche, coming to South Wales on the Survey, associated his name, though he was only a volunteer, with those of Ramsay, Phillips, and Aveline. When, in 1840, business was pretty well able to take care of itself, he went over to Canada, and at once began looking, there and in the States, for the *stigmata* in the under-clay on whose position he based his theory of coal. Thenceforth his life is a record of Canadian geological research. Gaspé sandstone pillars, like our "cheesewring," Lake Superior copper, Chaudière gold, all belong to him; and his delightful letters to brother Jamie, who was left at Montreal to manage the business when his father for his daughters' sakes came and settled near Edinburgh, tell how he brought Canadian geology to the front at the Paris and London Exhibitions, just as the earlier letters to the same brother describe his life in London and its amusing incidents. At Paris he was guilty of an unprecedented breach of etiquette. Moved by the ignorance of the French, who asked: "Isn't Canada in Peru?" he boldly addressed our Queen and explained everything to her. *Un peu audacieux*, said *Galizani*; but knighthood followed the daring deed. Carping critics may think there are too many of these letters to brothers. We think not. After all, the life only fills one volume, and we could not spare a particle of the proof they give of that practical affection which is the strength of so many Scotch families. Logan did not, however, shut himself up within the family; he never forgot his old schoolmaster Skakel, used to send him problems and notes of surveys, &c., long after he had risen to fame. It certainly speaks well for the Montreal dominie that William and his brother were able to enter Dr. Pillans's head form at Edinburgh without passing through any of the lower classes, and that William soon showed how thoroughly he was grounded by becoming *dux* of the whole High School.

We do not care very much for "Rambla—Spain" (Sampson Low). No doubt it is very funny; and fun, even of the dreary, spasmodic, jerky kind, is better than gush. But one does not learn much from this style of thing; "there is an interminable row all over Spain. 'Were I King of England, or better, Pope of Rome,' my first edict would be remarkable for lucidity, brevity, and utility, addressed to Spain, and consist of one word, 'Hush!'" Of course there is wheat in the chaff—more than one would think who is not used to the sifting process. A good many things are looked at from new points of view; and a good many old truths, for instance, that "gloire is crime pardonable through ignorance," are forcibly set forth. We commend to Mr. Bright the reason for keeping Gibraltar, because in its pattern neatness it is "such a model-moral-lecture-in-rock to a miry, pig-bestrewed slough like Spain." "Read Rambla," is our advice to those meditating a Spanish tour; but "Don't write in that foolishly affected way any more. You can do better if you will," is our advice to the writer.

Some years ago, a gentleman with a delicate family told the world how he got health and made money by taking a little place down in Kent and growing things for London. He was up to all kinds of dodges—used to have his peas shelled and put under the railway carriage-seat, and his clerk, meeting him at the station, took them, without cost of booking, to the hotel which he contracted to supply. Since then manuals have multiplied, all showing how profit may be added to pleasure, if people will only buy the books and read them. Of course useful hints can be got from all these books, but we have seen none which, at the price, are so valuable as "Robbinson's Country Series" (Routledge). The name of the Editor of *The Garden* is warrant for their excellence; and Mr. Holday's "Fruit Culture for Profit;" Mr. Fremlin's "Potato;" and Mr. Groom's "Apple" will alike repay careful reading. Mr. Groom (whose list of apples, by the way, is far from complete—he omits the *Northern Green* and many more) adds a list of dishes and drinks in which apple is the chief ingredient. One wonders Mr. Fremlin did not do the same for the potato.

Were we asked at this moment: "Who are the greatest sufferers under this our British Constitution?" we should reply: Sailors on Nova Scotian ships and people in private lunatic asylums." Mr. J. F. Keane's "On Blue Water" (Tinsley) is taken up in great part with the almost incredible woes of the former; and, though we could wish this narrative was as purely imaginary as some thought his journey to Mecca was, what comes out every now and then in police courts shows that even English merchant ships are bad enough. Nova Scotian captains, not amenable to our Board of Trade, take care to go to some Continental port, where the consul is almost sure to pooh-pooh the complaints of the men; and therefore barbarities of the most revolting kind are practised with impunity. The book is, like all that Mr. Keane writes, bright and graphic. We hope it may rouse attention to the evils which it so forcibly describes.

Mrs. Louisa Lowe in "The Bastilles of England" (Crookenden) treats not of workhouses, as her title made us fancy, but of madhouses. If you and your half-sister are nephew and niece to a rich lady in her dotage, the old Adam might happen to suggest that putting this sister out of the way for a time would be the best plan for getting complete control of the aunt and her money. Scores of such cases Mrs. Lowe details; indeed, there is in her book material for an unlimited number of sensation novels, truth being in this, as in other matters, stranger than fiction. Our Lunacy Laws are a disgrace to the statute book, and the Monasteries affair shows that the French laws are no better. The Bowden case, with its impeachment of Mr. Cleaton and others, is not the least startling of Mrs. Lowe's narratives.

Mr. W. Miller, in "The Heavenly Bodies" (Folger and Stoughton), is anxious to prove that ours is the only inhabited planet, and that Evolution is a fallacy. His argument against the latter is as follows:—"All the houses built by any architect have a certain family likeness, so have all his churches; but yet they are independent structures, not all evolved out of some one of them." We wholly fail to see the analogy; nor do we see why Venus must be uninhabited because she seems wrapped in a thick mist. Life may exist under very different conditions from those which are favourable to man; he could not have lived here in the carboniferous period. Mars has much more land in proportion to his sea than we have; his atmosphere is thin; he has no mountains; his climate, Mr. Miller thinks, is worse than Siberian. Even so, there is no reason

why he should not support life. But reasoning on such points is useless. Everybody makes up his mind beforehand; and it is astonishing how bitter the strife may grow between the Pluralists and the non-Pluralists. We remember this in the case of two such eminent men as Sir D. Brewster and Dr. Whewell. If you believe that man is all in all, you'll be content to limit life to this little world; if not, in spite of the foolish talk of Flammariion and other Pluralists, you'll accept in earnest the theory which Fontenelle broached in sport.

German-like, Lieut.-Colonel Vogt in "The Egyptian War" (Kegan Paul) begins at the beginning, and shows how the war grew directly out of the claims of the bondholders. It was as much a money war as was that into which the Jecker Bonds plunged the French Empire. Tewfik, Colonel Vogt thinks wholly wanting in energy—sure to be a puppet in the hands of the Control. He is convinced that, even from a military point of view, the bombardment was premature, and was not properly followed up. Had our Admiral waited for troops from Malta, &c., or had he even landed his seamen and marines, the town would have escaped. The Egyptians were not heroes, and there were never enough of them to man the forts. Colonel Vogt devotes a chapter to our little army; when we have properly garrisoned Ireland he doubts if the troops we have left "to emphasise an ultimatum" would outnumber a single German division. He thinks "English gold" played a very important part in the capture of Mahmoud Fehmi, and also at Tel-el-Kebir and Cairo. Indeed, "by advancing as he did on Tel-el-Kebir Sir Garnet did risk something which he would never have ventured to risk under normal conditions." He ends with the military parade at Cairo; what he would think of the grand circus ride through London may be judged from several complimentary remarks; at Kassassin, for instance, he says: "We see how little English official reports could be relied on." For the bombardment he gets some of his facts from Vice-Admiral Von Henk, who was outside the harbour. It is well to see what an officer of a really military nation thinks of our pet campaign.

There is more plain good sense in Mr. Duff Macdonald's "Africa" (London: Simpkin, Marshall; Edinburgh: Menzies; Aberdeen: Brown) than in nearly all books we have ever seen about African Missions. At Blantyre, where Mr. Macdonald laboured, occurred troubles which occasioned not a little scandal. These, he thinks, were due to the Directors setting up a civil jurisdiction, the real danger from which falls upon their agents, who in case of any trouble are condemned, or it may be are cashiered by their employers. Savage tribes, he thinks, are not difficult to get on with, heathenism is not an unpromising field. Of course there is a good deal to be said for the other view, that the missionary to hold his own among negroes needs to be backed by some force outside; but whatever the reader may think of Mr. Macdonald's views he will find his facts as fresh as they are abundant. His chapter on philology is very interesting; what are we to make of a nation which expresses 99 by "tens five and tens four; to this comes five, then four?" The appendix to each volume contains a number of legends like those which Bishop Callaway published of the Zulus. Vol. II. tells us a good deal about the Universities' Mission (Mr. Macdonald speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Rowley), and gives the whole history of the Blantyre floggings. We agree with our author that a missionary, at the outset at least, wants his revolver to impress the native mind; and that Englishmen do a good deal of harm through their anxiety to shake hands with drunken chiefs. How the Portuguese laugh at us for this!



MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—Two very pretty vocal duets are "Eyes," for equal voices, words by "Clara," music by Mina Gould, and "Love Shall Never Die," written and composed by Frank L. Moir; the latter is published in two keys, for soprano and baritone, and mezzo-soprano and bass.—A song of no ordinary merit, although written on a well-known theme, is "The Artist's Dream," words by Margaret T. Scott, and music by Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon; it is the oft-told and ever true tale of a broken down artist, dying from want and despair, comforted and encouraged to work on by a vision of Heaven.—Two simple and pleasing love ditties of a plaintive type are: "My Song," written and composed by E. Oxenford and J. Chippendale, for a soprano voice, and "Beneath the Hawthorn," words by H. Mar, music by S. Emily Oldham.—Books I. of "Morley's Voluntaries for the Organ, American Organ, and Harmonium," contains thirteen original compositions by H. J. Stark; they are intended for either of these three instruments, and are well fitted to be used at the commencement and conclusion of Divine Service.—No. XII. of *Morley's Magazine of Musical Treasures* is a marvellously cheap shilling's worth. It contains "Largo" (Handel); a favourite air from Spohr's *Jessonda*; the somewhat hackneyed but ever popular "Air Louis XIII." (Ghys); "Tripping O'er the Hills" (Wilson); Mozart's evergreen "Minuet and Trio," skilfully arranged by Schulhoff, and Weber's immortal "Last Waltz." We can cordially recommend this, the "Fourth Piano Album," and its predecessors to our moderately gifted readers who cannot venture upon more difficult and ambitious works.—Two good pieces for after dinner drawing-room work, are "Ocean Echoes," a Quick March (founded on the popular song "A Contrary Breeze"), composed by J. C. Meissler; and "Granny," by G. J. Rubin.

MESSRS. RICORDI.—Published in four different keys, two songs, music by L. Denza, may be sung by any register of voice. "A Lord May Go Wooring" is a piquante poem by J. Enderssohn; "Marguerite," words by Cora S. Kennedy, is more suitable for a male than a female vocalist.—Both words and music of "Best For Both," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and P. Bucalossi, are pathetic and charming; this song is published in E flat and C.—"La Cieca" (for soprano or mezzo-soprano), is one of the most graceful songs from *La Gioconda*, and deserves a good place in a concert programme; the compass is from C below the lines to G above the lines.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—A brace of bright and singable cantatas for female voices which are well worthy the notice of lady principals at schools, and mothers of many daughters, are respectively:—"Spring Time," and "Songs in a Vineyard," the music of the former by Franz Abt, of the latter by John Kinross; E. Oxenford has supplied the libretto for both. Cantatas for female voices are among the boons of the age, as one introduced in the course of a concert is a pleasing change from an uninterrupted string of ballads, arias, and *lieder*, which are at times very wearisome. Berthold Tours has arranged in a masterly and dignified manner as a duet for the pianoforte "March to Calvary," from M. Gounod's sacred trilogy, *The Redemption*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A soothsaying song, worthy of its title, is "Lullaby," words by the late G. J. Whyte Melville, music by A. E. Stinson.—"Lost for Love," written and composed by E. Oxenford and J. Kinross, is a sad tale of the battlefield allied to suitable music (Messrs. Paterson and Sons).—Admirers of the patriotic school will be pleased with "Stand by Your Country, Stand by Your Queen," a song overflowing with loyal sentiments set to a spirited melody with a unison chorus *ad libitum*; written and composed by Major John Gollop (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—Quaint

and taking is "Nita," a Spanish serenade, written and composed by T. L. Ximenes y Peñal (C. Jefferys).—Of the same type, in an English form, is "Bright the Night Is, My Beloved," a serenade for a tenor voice, words by L'Estelle, music by Wordsworth Davies (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"I'll Not Forget You, Darling," written and composed by T. Thorley, will probably please his friends and the lady to whom it is addressed better than the public in general (C. B. Tree).—Precisely the same may be said of "Longing," words by Matthew Arnold, music by C. Ranken (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).



VIVISECTION is not in itself an attractive subject for a work of fiction. Mr. Wilkie Collins, however, in "Heart and Science" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) has avoided all repulsiveness of treatment by keeping clear of details, and has made his novel rather a psychological study than what is commonly called "a story with a purpose." Doctor Benjulia is a man of science without a heart, whose life is devoted to the verification of a great discovery in physiology. Inspired by the one purpose of his life he is guilty of every extreme of surgical cruelty, simply because he believes it necessary to his end, and because he is indifferent to all other considerations. In short, he is a monomaniac, and cannot bear the thought that any other *savant* may light upon his great theory until it is completed to his own glory. The conception is a fine one, and is treated in a tone of appropriately grim pathos, which is effective by flashes. But the work cannot possibly be called satisfactory on the whole. It wants coherence, and is strangely unequal, while the characters are shadowy and unreal. The effect is that of an ill-sustained nightmare, if that unpleasant condition may receive the epithets of criticism. A nightmare is of all forms of art the most difficult to deal with, and the most apt to break down altogether if the hands of the artist for a moment lose their hold. In the present case, Mr. Collins appears to be perpetually losing the thread of his dream, and to be groping about for its recovery—then comes some powerful touch, and then the thread breaks again. One of the most original, and certainly of the most touchingly grotesque points is told in a very few words towards the close—the refusal of a crippled dog, one of the doctor's experiments, to be driven away by its torturer, and how, when set free, it persistently returned to him, licking his hand. As to the question at issue between Mr. Collins and those who hold that Science is in truth more full of Heart than she appears, this is not the place for its discussion. It is unlikely, however, that the worst informed of readers will measure those who are engaged in all-important researches by his dream-creation of Doctor Benjulia.

"Mongrels," by T. Wilton (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is, unlike the last-named work, far better executed than planned. Of central idea there is little or nothing, unless it be that mongrels of all sorts are preferable to thorough-breds in the matter of sympathetic qualities. The hero is the virtuous and amiable son of a gipsy and a *Gorgio* girl; and a very delightful dog is a cur of no degree at all. All these, and others, play somewhat meaningless parts, and have few claims to personal interest. Nevertheless the novel is better worth reading than many which have the advantage of a better story. It is unfailingly lively and spirited, and is even witty—a rare quality indeed. For construction the author appears to entertain a sort of contempt, and is not afraid of the stalest devices in the shape of coincidences for bringing about whatever situations he needs—indeed, he is not afraid of repeating the same coincidences in the case of the same person. We have unquestionably found the reading of "Mongrels" a pleasure, though it is not very easy to say why, while to say why, according to all ordinary rules, we ought to have found it nothing of the kind would be very easy indeed. It is a case of the superiority of manner over matter—not a very common case, but a very agreeable exception.

We entirely agree with "Vernon Lee," in respect of that passage in her amusing preface to "Ottolie," an Eighteenth Century "Idyl" (so spelt—I vol., T. F. Unwin), in which she affects to be a mere trespasser upon the ground of fiction. The preface, as the work of an essayist, is delightful—the story about as weak as any that could possibly come from an earnest and graceful pen. It is however, worth noticing at as much length as our limits afford, both on account of its author's reputation, obtained in other fields, and also for the elegance—the word is as exact as it is old-fashioned—of its intention. Provincial German life, when German art and letters were in their stormy youth, affords as fine a field as fiction can desire, and Vernon Lee has left unnoticed very few of the points concerning it which everybody knows. But her story is but a *silhouette*, after all. Colour and form are wanting, and the authoress has merely set down certain common-place and familiar details without putting life into them. A much worse fault is that the fictitious element and what are meant to be its characteristic surroundings are not made essential to one another. The story is quite apart from its special circumstances, and could as easily have been hung upon life in London to-day as upon life in Questenberg some hundred years ago. Nor is the story itself well told—it reads as if it were a very rough sketch for a not very interesting novel of the domestic sentimental order. We are convinced that Vernon Lee could have written a very picturesque description of the life which she attempts to illustrate if she had boldly thrown all her imaginary character overboard. To judge from "Ottolie," she lacks the dramatic faculty altogether: and it would be very little to the purpose to re-echo the commendations for the humbler qualities of a graceful essayist which she will no doubt amply as well as deservedly receive.

IRISH LACE EXHIBITION.—The Rev. G. Tottenham, Rector of Inishmacsaint, informs us that we were misled by an error in the catalogue when we described the Inishmacsaint lace as "crochet point." Such is not the case. It is made entirely by the needle, an infinitely more tedious and difficult process than by crochet, and is in fact an exact counterpart of the real old Guipure lace made in the same way. Crochet, though doubtless beautiful, is merely an imitation. The stitch and mode of manufacture of this Inishmacsaint Point lace was, as it is truly stated in the catalogue, discovered first at Tynan, County Armagh, in the year 1849, and afterwards in the convent at Youghal, and in other places.

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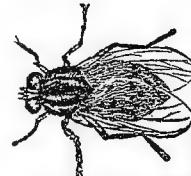


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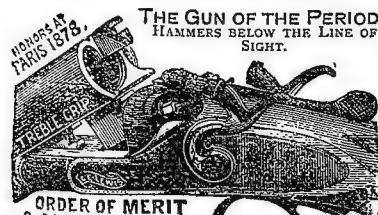


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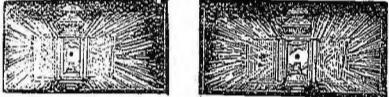
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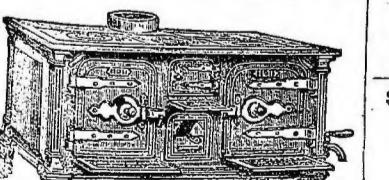
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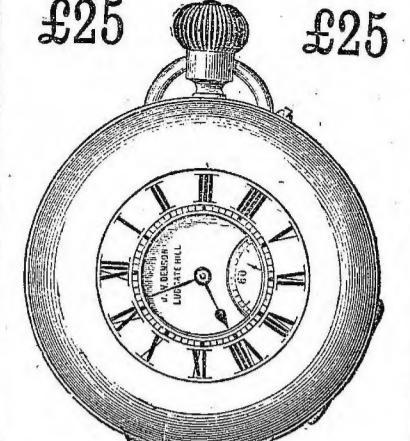
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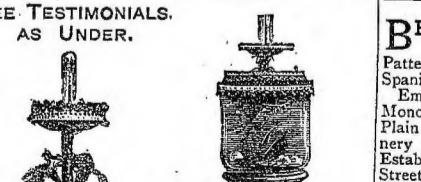
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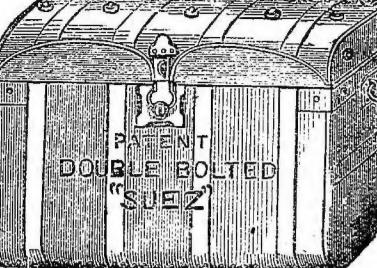
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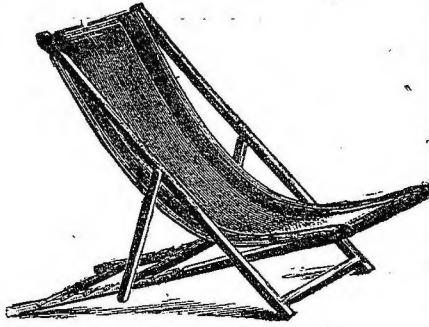
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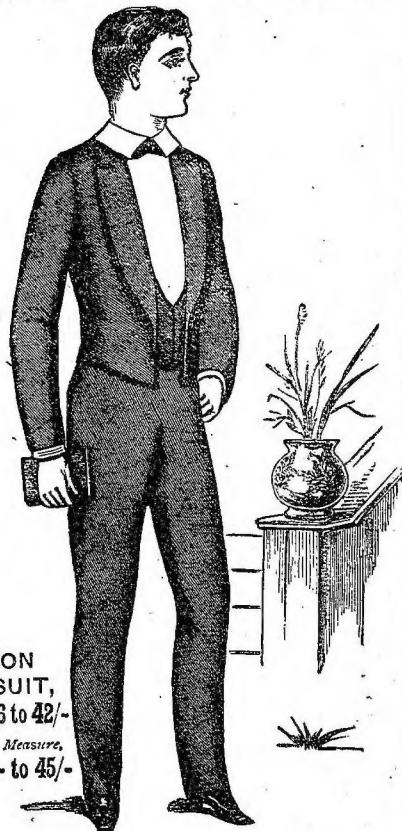
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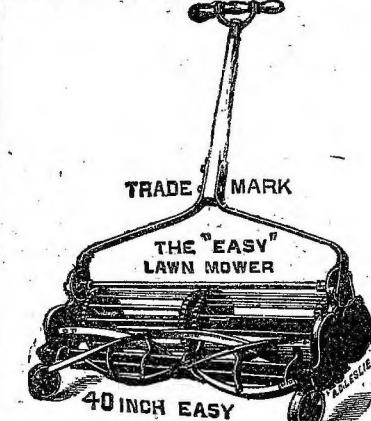
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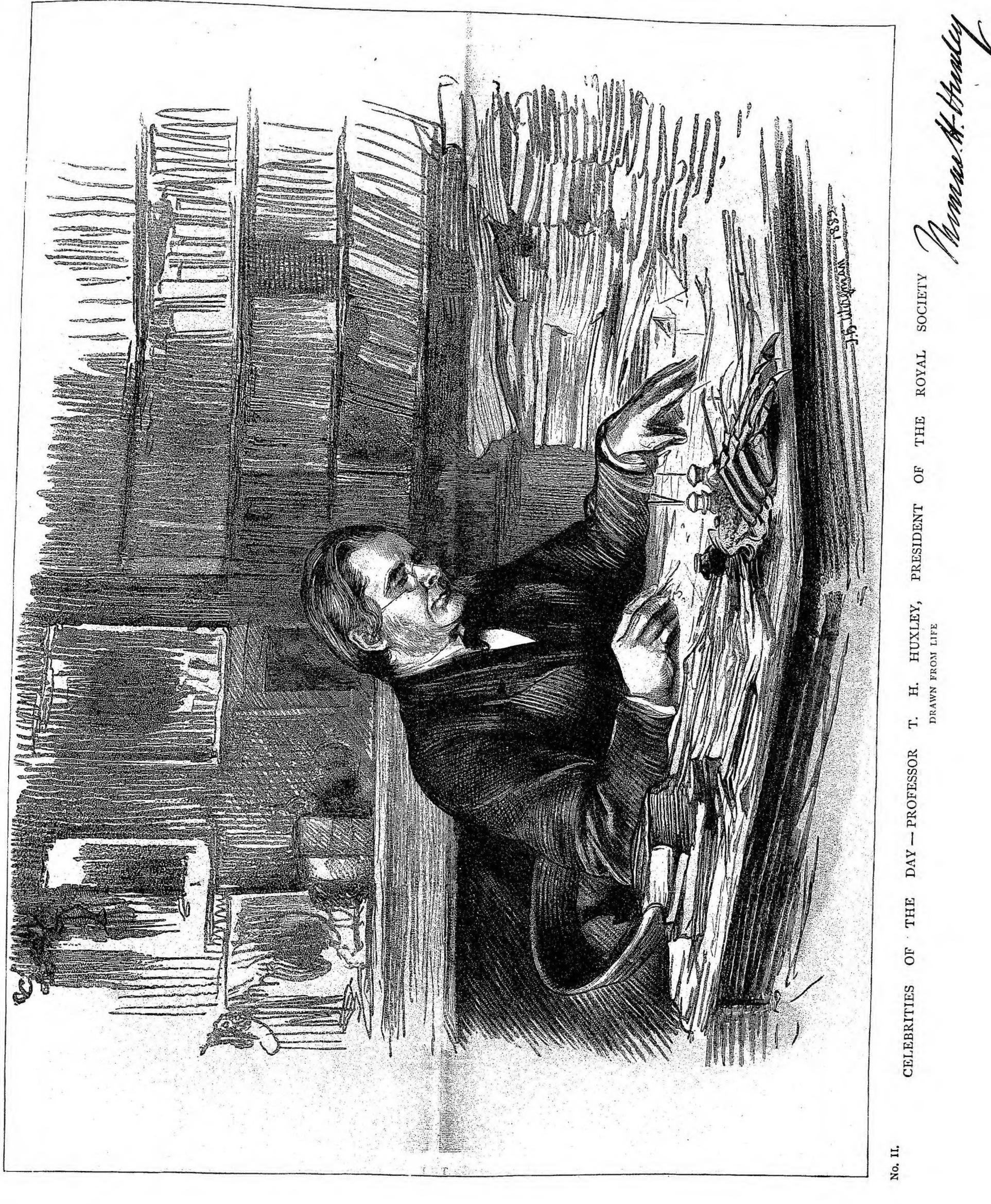
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No. II.

CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY — PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY
DRAWN FROM LIFE

J. J. Hillman

1882

Thomas H. Huxley